What a Hangover

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Inspired by ‘Bourne of Caution.’ A young man, Wade, finds himself in the world of Pokemon. Read along as he cries, laughs, and lives life in the world of Pokemon.

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Well, it’s not a Dream

"Hey man, I think you've had enough to drink," a bartender told a young man. It was your typical Friday evening for the bar, if you were to walk in, you'd notice how packed the place was. Friends were together laughing and joking around, loners were sulking and drowning their sorrows in alcohol, and some were just watching the T.V in the bar despite the lack of sound(like anybody could hear it over all the commotion).

"Nah mate nah… this'll is only my eighth bottle," a young man, wearing a simple white T-shirt and basketball shorts pulled out a bill, and waved it in the air. He struggled to stay in his seat. "What if I slip you a twenty, you forget the last seven I got?" He slurred. The young was very, very intoxicated, and wasn't capable of thinking straight. The bartender began to rub his temples as he contemplated how to handle the situation.

"Listen bud, I can't. You're definitely way over the legal limit of alcohol in your system. Just ignoring the legality, I do appreciate your patronage, but I can't sell you any more bottles… I know you just turned 21 and you wanna go wild, but this is a bit overboard. If you want, I can call you a taxi and pay for it, but I can't in good conscience sell you anymore beer… even my though boss would love it if you bought another sixteen bottles."

The man waved his arms before standing up from his chair, immediately almost falling over, and had started to stumble towards the door. "F-fine! I'll go to the Walmart across the street… they'll be willing to sell me a twelve pack of b-" the 21 year-old burped. "B-beer…" he slurred as he slammed his face against the door, grabbing everybody's attention for a second, before they went back to what they were doing.

"God have mercy on you, Wade," the bartender shook his head as he watched Wade begin to stumble through the parking lot. "I should probably call the cops before he gets hurt…"

Wade stopped at the edge of the parking lot, stumbled down the tiny hill that dropped onto the road. Without thinking, he took the first step across the street, then the next, and then another. By some miracle, a lot of horns going off, and somebody spewing their colorful vocabulary, had made his way into the Walmart parking lot. "I won't know what Mark is talking about… I'm not that drunk."

Wade passed out in the lobby of the Walmart.

"Ugh…" Wade groaned as his eyes opened wide, and he blinked a couple times. "God my head hurts…" he groaned as he set up and immediately winced and yelled. The now hung over man stood on his feet for a few moments, and took a step. He stumbled a bit before gaining(as good) of a footing as he could get, and began to make his way onto the sidewalk.

"I'm gonna be late to work…" Wade chuckled. "Ah fuck it, like I can show up like this," he groaned as he struggled not to throw up. "Yeah, I'll get fired like I did from my last five jobs… at least everywhere is hiring," Wade grumbled as he began to make his way down the street. "Thank god I don't have a car…" he threw up on the sidewalk.

Wade shut the door, stumbled over to the couch, and promptly laid down on it. He groaned and laid his fore arm on his head as it continued to ache. The sound of claws clicking on the wooden floor made the headache feel even worse. "God, that's the last time I go to a bar… or drink so much," Wase groaned as he felt something jump onto the couch.

"You went out and got wasted, didn't you?" Wade didn't even make a noise. His mother was now standing, peering over the couch, and staring at the young adult. "I figured as much… I'll call your boss, you're not leaving this house for at least a day. Before you ask, yes I'll get you a bucket… hopefully you've learnt why you should moderate yourself when out drinking, right?" His mother asked.

"Yeah, the stuff tastes like shit and now I feel like shit because of it…" Wade groaned as his mother giggled.

"Well, at least you got Molly to look after you, right?" Wade's Mom

asked.

After she said that, Wade felt a weight lay down on top of his chest, a doberman. The dog whined and whimpered as she squirmed forward, licking the man on the head, which elicited a grin from the man despite the pain. "Hey Molly, I bet you're feeling great that you aren't human, ain'tcha? Because you don't get to be stupid enough to drink poisonous, old grape juice," Wade said.

Molly simply wagged a tail in response, and laid her head in the crevice of Wase's neck. The man's mother shook her head, pulled her phone out, and walked out of the room. For a few hours, Wade and Molly laid on the couch together, the latter licking the former on the head occasionally, which helped with the migrain that had left Wade in pain.

The next thing Wade knows, he wakes up in the middle of the night, Molly was sleeping on the other side of the couch, her head on an arm rest, and didn't look like she'd wake up anytime soon. 'I'm probably having a hangover dream…' Wade thought as he put on some slippers and stepped outside his house. The house was in a small suburb, houses that all looked very similar save for color, but were spread out from each other.

For some reason, the specific road Wade's home was on, was on a 40 miles per hour road. As for why, Wade couldn't guess; he just knew he lived here. So instead of questioning the questionable choice for a limit or the lack of safety in it, Wade just went on not questioning it. He sat on the curve and stared up at the night sky, without a care in the world, and simply enjoyed the peace and quiet of it all.

While sitting idly, Wade pulled his phone out, swiped through the home screen a couple times, and laid his eyes on an app he hadn't opened in years. Sitting there, in a folder hidden in an obscure spot on his phone, sat an app with the Pokeball for a logo. It was Pokemon Go, Wade had long since stopped playing the game; since it was just kind of boring.

"Eh, why the fuck not? It slows my phone down because of the auto-updates, so surely they must've made it fun somehow, right?" Wade

asked as the phone began to heat up as the app was opened. To his surprise, there was already a pokemon in the area, so he got up and started walking towards where the app said it was.

It didn't take him long, it was only a block away, did he actually get to have a chance at catching whatever it was. A Houndour, a shiny one, was now on his screen. Wade shrugged his shoulders, he didn't know Houndour were in Pokemon Go, let alone shiny pokemon, but he supposed tonight was his lucky night. "Man, if I still played Pokemon, this would be really cool…" he tossed a Pokeball at the right moment and caught it.

After catching the Houndour, Wade figured it was time to go back inside his home, as it was getting really late. Wade was crossing the street, while keeping his eyes on Pokemon Go(he was admiring the shiny he had just caught). Suddenly he heard the sound of tires grating against cement, he looked up from his phone and saw a pair of headlights.

Wade groaned as he woke up, this time in the middle of a forest, he was laying on some fresh grass. His entire body ached, like something rammed into it at full speed, and he still felt a bit hungover. "Man… where the hell am I? My boss is gonna kill me for missing a day, and then being late!" He panicked and got to his feet.

On the ground was his phone, which had a wallet-phone case, so at least he had a way to call for help. He reached down to pick the phone up, and began to call his Mom. After five minutes of constant trying, checking his reception, and trying 911? He realized his phone wasn't going to be of much use. He sighed and hunched over in defeat. "Well, guess I'll start walking. I'll find my way out eventually, right?"

Wade jumped when he heard a bird take off from a tree, only to start being a bit confused… The bird looked an awful lot like Pidove, an early game bird pokemon from Pokemon Black and Pokemon White. "I think this is my sign to also stop staying up so late," Wade mused as he felt something in his pocket. It was like somebody slipped a ping pong ball full of lead in it, so it wasn't his phone.

"Patrat?" Wade looked up, entirely forgetting the ball in his pocket, and saw a pokemon. Not just any Pokemon, but Patrat, which was some rodent from Unova… where it could only naturally be found in Unova. "What the hell…" Patrat held up a blueberry, which was much larger than any blueberry Wade's ever seen… "If I'm not dreaming, then this is an Oran Berry right?"

He shrugged, his chest hurt like hell anyways, so he figured it was worth a shot. Wade grabbed the berry and ate it, which surprisingly just tasted like a sweet blueberry, and his headache and body ache began to die down just like magic. "Thank you, Patrat," Wade patted the rodent on the head, received a sound that sounded like a bark, and Patrat ran off. "Well, I tasted the berry… so I can't be dreaming, right?" Wade asked.

Wade then remembered the round, ball-like object in his pocket. He then reached in, pulled it out and blinked a couple times. "Why do I have a Pokeball?" Wade asked. He shrugged and chucked it at the ground, light emitted from the ball, and a silhouette slowly began to take form. After the last of the light escaped the ball, the Pokeball flew back into Wade's hand.

Houndour began to blink as he was released from his Pokeball. Just a moment ago, he was staring down a trainer, ready to maul said trainer for even thinking they could catch him. Unfortunately the human was a bit too quick for the canine, and he was captured.

Now, he stared at a human who looked nothing like the one that had captured him, but the human smelled a lot like his captor. "Whoa…" the human knelt down and extended his hand. "Hey Houndour, nice to meet you," the human greeted. Houndour snarled at the human and snapped at the offered hand.

Just because this was now his human, it didn't mean he had to enjoy said human's company. Sure, he wasn't about to kill his new trainer, but he wasn't about to allow himself to be petted.

Wade stared at the Houndour before him, it was a shiny one, which was now glaring at him. Despite the look Houndour was giving him? Wade still thought that the dog-like pokemon, and wanted to reach out to pet it. "Whoa…" Wade stared in wonder as the dog's coat shone and sparkled when sunlight breached through the trees and landed on it.

The Pokemon games, especially the ones with 3d models, never truly did any pokemon justice. Sure, you could tell that a pokemon was supposed to be a thing, but compared to what he saw with Houndour, now that he could get a good look at a pokemon(patrat left too soon for him to notice), and what he saw was wonderful. Wade could make out each strand of fur on the canine, how sharp its teeth were. How the bone-like structures on Houndour shined, how powerful its muscles were.

Instead of the typical black and orange you'd find on a Houndour, the Houndour before him had a blue(ish) coat with an orange underbelly. Sure, the reasons for why Wade was now in possession of a shiny pokemon was questionable, but he wasn't worried about it for the time being. First, he wanted to try and pet it.

"Hey Houndour, nice to meet you," Wade reached out. "My name's Wade," he greeted. There were many things on his mind, but for now that could wait, he wanted to get acquainted with what was essentially his only partner in this strange new world. "I'm not sure how good of a trainer I'll be, but I hope that we can be good friends- Whoa! What the hell?"

Wade flinched and pulled away, Houndour just snapped at him. "What the hell, Houndour? I just wanna pet you!" Wade sighed. He figured this was how life would go if he were a trainer. Just one pokemon, a pokemon that probably hated him, that(at least what he thought) had just caught in Pokemon Go.

"I just want to pet you, you're a really pretty Houndour."

"I just want to pet you, you're a really pretty Houndour." Houndour tilted his head at those words. Of course a human would resort to

flattery just to touch him, but the human did look a bit hurt after being snapped at. It was like things like this usually happened. "Can I please pet you?" The human asked, reaching out towards him again.

Houndour growled, before nodding. Despite his earlier… disagreement with being a human's pet, he figured he might as well try to get along. Sure, he might not have to be friends, but he could at least get along with his new trainer… who said his name was Wade. Wade happily reached out and began petting Houndour right between the ears… Houndour could see just how much his trainer's mood had improved.

For some reason, it made Houndour feel… warmer than usual. Like seeing a smile on his trainer's face made his day. Houndour sighed, he was already getting attached and it hadn't been more than five minutes of actually interacting with his trainer. "You're so cute!" Wade let out a manly squeal, and pulled Houndour onto his lap, much to the dog's surprise.

This elicited a surprised yelp out of Houndour, and he would've nipped his trainer for surprising him, but then Wade said something that made Houndour melt. Wade began to start rubbing and applying pressure on Houndour's shoulder, pushing and releasing; it was a massage. "This feels nice…" Houndour bleated as Wade continued to massage him.

"So this is all the hype about having a trainer? Well, I suppose… we can be friends," Houndour said to nobody in particular. Houndour now realized, despite his resolve in not liking his trainer, that he was doomed to loving said human.

Wade smiled as Houndour melted in his lap, it hadn't settled into him that he could never see Molly, his dog, ever again. He was just a happy little twelve year old that was placed into a toy shop… Wade was living his twelve year old dream, except instead of a Charizard, it was a Houndour he was petting.

"Alright buddy, let's get moving. I got no clue where we are, but I

think we should get moving," Wade lifted Houndour up, who was about as heavy as a doberman pup, so he just opted to carry the canine with little from to no protests from Houndour. "We're gonna find a town and… make sense of where we are," Wade said as he began to aimlessly wander around the forest.

So, I was really inspired by Borne of Caution(hands down one of the greatest Pokemon Fanfiction on the site), and wanted to have a shot at this. You can probably guess what region this is gonna take place in. Now, I'm not so sure how accurate my description of Pokemon Go was, since I've never played it. I also won't be going into ptsd stuff like Borne of Caution, but I do have an idea.

I also hope that this first chapter can even come close to Borne of Caution in terms of quality.

We’re so Screwed

The sun was high, high up in the middle of the sky. Pidove chirped and sang their songs high in the trees while Patrat foraged in the tall grass for food. The whole thing seemed surreal to Wade, who had finally put Houndour on the ground, scanning the new world around him with a child-like wonder. He simply couldn't believe he wasn't dreaming, he had a demon dog walking beside him, and a Pidove nearly dropped a turd on his head.

He could've sworn that the Pidove was snickering after it dropped its 'present' inches away from his head. "god damned, stupid birds," Wade mumbled. He assumed that the bird wouldn't have been able to hear him, but he was sorely mistaken when he felt something slam into his back. "Gah!" Wade groaned as he stayed on his feet. He panted as he hunched over.

Houndour immediately started snarling at the bird in front of him. This stupid pidgeon had just attacked his human, his damned human! Only he was allowed to snap at that human, his human! And Houndour needed this human to last a while since Wade gave good back massages. "Hey! Watch where you're dive bombing! You could've killed my trainer, you know," Houndour growled.

"You're a weird looking Lilipup," Pidove commented as she wasn't taking the mutt in front of her seriously. It was a Lilipup, it probably couldn't even reach the perch she was sitting on. She giggled as the human, she had just struck, finally sit up straight, rubbing his back. That was going to bruise, which is what the human deserved for calling her dumb. Houndour began to laugh like a maniac.

"I'm not a Lilipup! I'm a mighty Houndour, and if you even attempt to swipe at Wade again, this'll be your last hour alive. That's if I'm feeling dangerous, by the way," Houndour threatened. To his surprise, Houndour, and by extension, Houndoom's notoriety carried across regions, and Pidove froze up and began to shiver in fear. Houndour once more broke into maniacal laughter.

"Y-you wouldn't hit me with an Ember, right? L-look, I was just messing around when I hit your trainer! I'll come down and apologize if I hurt him too badly," Pidove began to shiver. She knew what it would mean if a Houndour was angry, especially if they were burning with rage(a/n: pun intended). Pain, un-ending, agonizing pain that could last a lifetime. The only pokemon more feared would be an angry Ninetales, who could curse you and your descendants for thousands of years.

"Look, I'm feeling a bit generous today… so turn your stupid, feathery ass around, and get out of my sight. If I see you use Wing Attack of my trainer again, I'll burn you, find your stupid chicks, and eat them in front of you, understood?" Houndour asked. Pidove quickly nodded and turned tail. She had zero intentions of figuring out what a Houndour could truly do when angered.

Now that the threat was gone, Houndour turned around to face his trainer, his stubby tail wagged until he saw his trainer. Wade was just staring at him, with what looked like fear filled eyes. He was supposed to make his trainer love him, not scare the living daylights out of them Houndour's ears instinctively pinned to his head, and he lowered himself to appear smaller. Wade simply walked forward and knelt down before his pokemon.

"I didn't know you could laugh… especially with how… human that laugh was," Wade broke the silence. "I gotta say, you laugh like a guy from a movie, who's about to murder somebody… Now that I think about it, that does make sense, huh bud?" Wade asked as he patted Houndour on the head a couple times. "You and Houndoom aren't labelled the 'Dark Pokemon' for nothing, right?" Wade sat down next to Houndour, and wrapped an arm around him.

"I'm… surprised that you actually stood up for me. I know a few 'friends' who'd be more than willing to abandon me if I got jumped. Heck, I could probably get killed one day and my friends wouldn't notice…" Wade rubbed his chin as he began to take in the reason for why he was in this world. "Oh god! I died!" Wade yelped in realization. Houndour tilted his head in confusion… Wade was still alive, so why was he saying he died?

"I got hit by a damn car in the middle of the night!" Wade looked

down at his clothes for the first time in a while. His white shirt was marked with black markings, similar to what tires would make on a white tiled floor. His black pants didn't look too bad, but that was because the tire tracks blended into them. "God fucking dammit! I'm such a damned loser. I couldn't even hold a job before… it. Hell, I could barely live on my own," Wade began to weep.

Houndour, immediately noticing his trainer's despair, which seemingly came out of nowhere, rubbed deeper into his trainer's side. Almost immediately, Wade snatched Houndour up into a hug and cried into the canine's coat. While Houndour would usually complain about how his coat would be ruined, but he didn't. His trainer needed to be comforted and…

Why should he care? This was just some human… in fact, why did he stand up for Wade when Pidove started to attack him? Houndour knew he was already getting attached to Wade, but to defend him, and then comfort him within a a day of meeting him? Houndour shook off those thoughts as he noticed his trainer stopped crying. He nudged his trainer with his snout a couple times, and Wade finally raised his head.

"Sorry about crying on ya, Houndour… god, I'm a grown man and I'm crying," Wade wiped his face and patted the dog on the head. "Thank you… for just letting me cry on you. Sometimes just having somebody to vent to… or to cry on just feels nice, y'know?" Wade asked. Houndour nodded before thinking back to a time he had somebody to cry on… only to come up blank.

In fact, until he came out of that Pokeball, he couldn't remember a thing. Before he first laid eyes on his soon to be trainer, he couldn't remember anything at all. That didn't matter right now, as he needed to focus on what was happening right now, even if his lack of memory was a bit concerning. "Hey, you're a part of my pack now, Wade. It's what we do, love, comfort, and care for each other…" Houndour said, knowing Wade couldn't understand a word.

"Y'know… if you want to leave, you can. You can even take your Pokeball and crush it in your jaws, give it to a more deserving trainer, anything really. I'm kinda useless as a person, so how the heck am I gonna be able to raise you?" Wade asked. He chuckled.

"I probably wouldn't even know what to feed you, like I could cook to begin with. You'd be better off without me, since you can probably hunt."

Houndour nipped Wade on the ear before he could continue degrading himself. He glared at his trainer, he had just declared Wade as a part of his pack, and his human was telling him he should leave? That's not what pack members did! They stick together, through thick and thin; a pack is family. Wade, while almost being a stranger, was his family. Wade's shoulders slumped and he nodded. "Alright Houndour, I got the message… just know that the option is there in case you change your mind about me.

This elicited another nip from Houndour. "Stupid human, just let me love you," Houndour grumbled as he curled up into his trainer's arms. "Now carry me, I like being held," he demanded. Despite Wade not knowing what Houndour was saying, he got the message and stood up, pokemon in arms. Albeit wobbly, the two continued to trudge through the woods.

An hour had passed since the Houndour and Wade had started moving again. They managed to find a path, after a quick question to Houndour as to which direction was south, they started walking down said path. Surprisingly, it led north and south, and Houndour knew exactly which direction was left; he just simply knew by instinct. When in doubt, trust your instincts, Houndour decided.

Wade was entirely following a hunch, if he was where he thought he was, then he was heading towards a town where he could begin to get some sort of help. Especially given that he probably didn't have the currency he was thinking of(he checked his wallet, all that was in it was his debit card). He also wanted to get registered into… this country's database, to register that he did, in fact, exist and was sentient.

After a half an hour, Wade saw a sign that he was expecting. 'Welcome to: Nuvema Town.' "Well, that was a good hunch… it looks nothing like the games..." Wade mumbled. Houndour, who literally couldn't ignore his trainer, tilted his head before ignoring that question. He figured that is trainer was just insane… as well as depressed. Houndour noted that last thought and decided to store it

for later; he needed to find out a way to properly communicate before he jumped down that Buneary Hole.

Wade stopped a couple people, asking for directions, and following them to the best of his abilities. Luckily most of the town's residents spoke English… Unovan? Whatever it was, it didn't matter, since Wade could at least get by just fine. Apparently he had an accent compared to the people he spoke to. Of course he'd somehow manage to screw up speaking his native language.

Unlike in the games, where Nuvema town, and most starting towns for that matter, consisted of approximately five buildings, this Nuvema town was more like the anime's take on the small town. For starters, it had actual roads and sidewalks and not just the dirt paths like the e games, it also very clearly had more than five buildings in it. Luckily, the place he was looking for stood out like a sore thumb.

Wade opened the door to see five trainers instead of the two he was expecting. Ash and Trip he immediately recognized. The other three he also immediately recognized. One, dressed in a sleeveless, jean jacket and short jeans, a young girl. She also had waist length hair, which was styled in a pony tail. This was clearly White, the female protagonist in Pokemon Black and White. She also wore a red fanny pack, which was on her reer.

Beside her was another girl, who was dressed in… well, a tight fitting dress with an orange, which made it seem like she had wider hips than she actually did. She also donned a green beret on her short, blond haired head. Strapped over her shoulder was a small bag, which was more like a purse than anything. It was Bianca.

Beside her was a boy, with a blue jacket, a tie, and a dress shirt underneath it. He had no noticeable backpack. The boy also had short, black hair with a couple strands standing straight up… it kinda looked like the horn of an Absol. He also donned a pair of glasses. It was Cheren.

Ash was wearing the same outfit he wore in the Unova Anime, which was really a modified, short sleeved version of what Black, the male protagonist in the games, wore. His shoes were different, they were surprisingly the same shoes he worn throughout Kanto, even though

he could've sworn Ash had a different pair of shoes with each incarnation of him. He did look slightly older than the others in the room, which made Wade chuckle; Ash was supposed to be immortal.

Standing before all of them, stood none other than Professor Juniper. Unlike the anime and games, which were for kids, Juniper looked a lot less slim, and more like a woman. In fact, if Wade had any self confidence, he would've walked right up to the professor and asked her out. She had a slender waist, wide hips(which her unbuttoned lab coat incentuatated), lovely, golden brown hair. She was really pretty.

The Professor seemed to be in the middle of explaining what a Pokedex was to the five of them, and turned her attention to him, as with the kids in the room.

All six of them had noticed Wade walking in the door, and he wasn't liking the sudden attention.

"Odd, when I was told five trainers were coming today, I didn't think I'd get a sixth coming in today… especially not one so… old? Clearly you're not a beginner if you've managed to get a Houndour to let you carry it," Juniper said flatly. Wade scratched the back of his head and chuckled.

"I uh… just got off the… plane. I travelled from a region far from here to speak with you. I was hoping to… discuss some stuff with you, Professor Juniper," Wade said. Houndour simply remained quiet, whe being amused at how nervous his trainer was. Juniper put her hands on her hips and glared at him.

"You're here to tell me something, likely very professional, while dressed like that? It looks like you got hit by a car!" She exclaimed. Cheren stepped forward, clearly intrigued by the Houndour in Wade's arms. Wade simply laughed.

"Ah… you're pretty accurate with that description of me, eh? I guess I shoulda showed up with nicer clothes if I was coming to speak with The Unovan Professor," Wade sighed as Cheren tried to poke at Houndour.

"How did you get such a weird looking Houndour," Cheren asked.

"He's Shiny Pokemon… meaning he has a different fur color to other Houndour. His fur also glimmers in low light, which looks really amazing I might add, and it has no effects other than that. If I remember middle school science class correctly, it's just a recessive gene that is usually overridden…" Wade shrugged. "Said gene doesn't do anything other than change Houndour's colors though, but it does also make him look like a pretty boy," Wade said teasingly. That last bit was more aimed towards his pokemon.

Houndour simply smiled and happily took in the praise, only to nip the finger that was stuck in his face. Cheren yelped and pulled his hand away, rubbing his finger, even though there were no visible teeth marks on it, and Houndour hadn't even bit that hard. Cheren had paper for skin apparently.

"Well, I'll tell you this, your description of what makes Shiny Pokemon... well, shiny, is quite accurate, albeit it was a pretty simple explanation. So you probably have something to discuss with me that isn't a scam. Just let me get these trainers settled for the night… they're about to start journeying through the region in a few weeks, well, White, Cheren, and Bianca are, they're waiting for White to turn 10 so they can travel together. Ash and Trip here, are already old enough to start. So I want to get where they'll be sleeping."

'So they don't live in Nuvema town.' Wade thought. "Thank you, professor, just some time alone to discuss my offer is all I need," Wade nodded towards the other five in the room. "Good luck on your journey, since the Gym Challenge is pretty rough," Wade said. Each of them thanked him and talked about how some trainers didn't even make it past the first gym.

'Jeez, I pulled that out of my ass. I didn't know the first gym was that much of a problem for trainers… good thing I won't be taking part in that' Wade thought as White stepped forward.

"You know a lot about Pokemon, don't you? I mean… it's kind of hard to get a Houndour of all Pokemon to like you. I heard they can be pretty stubborn, violent and can turn on their trainers in a

heartbeat," White asked. She had a child like wonder in her eyes that Wade found simply adorable.

"Well, I suppose I do… even though all I did was give him a back massage," Wade chuckled; he literally just met Houndour, and apparently that was an accomplishment. At least he was doing something right for once…

"Cheren, can we bring him along? I'm sure we could use some extra protection from a skilled trainer," White asked. Cheren shrugged. "Why not? It'd be awesome to learn a thing or two from a more experienced trainer," he reasoned. Wade raised his hands defensively, after putting Houndour down of course, and shook his head.

"Hehehe… I um… I'm not that good at battling. You see, I'm more of a researcher than a fighter…" Wade argued.

Trip didn't look so convinced so he stepped forward. "I was gonna beat up Ash for my first battle… but now I want to see what I can do against you. Surely that Houndour has got to be pretty strong," Trip didn't seem to be taking no for an answer. No matter how hard Wade declined.

"We're so screwed," Wade said under his breath as he and Trip were followed outside by the other five people in the room.

Walk Beside Me, not Behind me

Wade and Trip stepped out onto a little battle arena, which was really a rectangular patch of dirt, where some of the dirt was dyed white in order to make the outline of a battlefield. Much to Wade's surprise, it looked a lot like a typical arena in the anime, save for the stands, audience, etc. It was more akinned to something like a basketball hoop in a park than in an actual stadium for the sport.

That did make sense, since Pokemon Battling was essentially a sport, so every city and town would probably had somewhere to practice without having to bust out the local stadium. Unfortunately, Wade wasn't so sure how he'd win a battle against Trip. Sure, he's watched the first episode of the Unovan anime, but that was a long time ago. Obviously he still remembered Snivy, since just about everyone and their dad was talking about how Ash lost to it.

The problem was, he had no idea what Snivy knew. He had no idea what his own Houndour knew. Sure, he'd seen his pokemon use Ember, and likely knew stronger fire type moves, but that was it. Speaking of Houndour, he was sitting beside Wade, eagerly awaiting to start his first battle. Trip on the other hand, had already let his pokemon out of its pokeball… it was a Snivy.

"So it could know about Vine Whip… Leaf Storm and Leer?" Wade mused as he nudged Houndour. "Do you know how to use Bite, Flamethrower, or even howl?" Wade asked. Houndour simply nodded. "Do you know more than four moves?" He asked again. This was met with another nod. "Alright, I'm gonna have to figure out what moves you do know later, since I think that'll be important. For now, let's stick with Ember, Flamethrower, Bite, and Howl," Wade said. Houndour simply nodded.

"The battle between Wade from…" Professor Juniper, who had decided to rep this match, stopped when she realized that she didn't know where one of the trainers was from. "Let's go with Wyoming," Wade said. "Wyoming! Is going up against Trip from Johto!" The professor announced! Choose your Pokemon," she instructed.

Beside her, a Gothitelle stood, for what, Wade had no clue.

"Alright Houndour, don't worry about doing too good. I'm gonna be real, I don't know what I'm doing, or what's to come," Wade said. Houndour barked before stepping forwards and onto the battlefield. Snivy stepped forward on Trip's end of the field, who looked smug despite the disadvantage he was already at. As soon as both pokemon were in the ring, Gothitelle raised its arms(Wade couldn't tell what gender it was, or what gender Snivy was. He was just guessing), and suddenly light began to reflect off of thin air, like a barrier was set up around the arena.

"Ah, so that's what it's for," Wade mused as he slapped himself.

"Alright, this will be Snivy's first battle, so you better make it memorable!" Trip grinned as he thrusted his arm forward. "Use Leer!" Snivy began to glare at Houndour, a small sparkle in his eye, which promptly made the canine take a step back. So far, Houndour had been sitting down, simply staring down Snivy like a wolf would with its prey. He knew this was his trainer's first battle, so he was hoping to take a slower, more calculated approach.

"Alright, guess we won't be using Howl or Bite… since I think that lowers our attack? Or was that Growl?" Wade shrugged. "Eh, fuck it, use Flamethrower!" He commanded, swatting at thin air. Houndour nodded, before taking a shot at the grass snake, who had promptly dodged to the right on command. "Alright bud! Fire left!" Wade said, he really wasn't concerned about being defensive; there was no way a Snivy could take down Houndour with its current moveset. Houndour shot left, when Snivy slid to the right. "And now!"

Luckily, Houndour got what his trainer had intended, and fired at Snivy before he could react, and struck the starter directly. Houndour maliciously grinned as the fires began to die down, his stream of fire looked bright and powerful, like any proud Houndour's fire should look. He wasn't surprised when Snivy was knocked out once the smoke cleared up. Wade noted that Snivy wasn't charred to a crisp… yet something else he would have to ask Professor Jennifer when they had their talk.

"Uh… did we win?" Wade asked, the smoke hadn't quite cleared up

for him, and his eyesight wasn't as good as his Houndour's, so he was a bit confused. Trip simply took a photo and frowned, and then shrugged. The young man recalled his pokemon to its pokeball.

"You fought well despite the odds, you deserve a good rest," Trip said before looking up at Wade. "Gotta say, you knew you had an advantage and knew to play offensively. If you're a beginner, you're already doing better than some… and sweet Arceus is your Houndour strong…" Trip took a picture of Houndour with a pocket camera, before going off, likely towards a Pokemon center.

"Trip wait!" Professor Juniper called. "If you're looking for somewhere to heal Snivy up, I've got a machine in the lab that'll help restore Snivy's energy," she offered. Trip nodded. "I still want to check out a Pokemon Center… I know the tale about Houndour fire, about how it leaves a permanent burning feeling," he explained. Professor juniper nodded. Houndour, once the barrier was down, walked over to Wade and nipped him.

"Oi, what was that for?" Wade asked. Houndour then began to mimic a very slow snarl. Wade raised an eyebrow at the movement. "Did you want to take that fight slow?" He asked. Houndour nodded. "Is it because you wanted to get used to my battling style?" This was answered with another nod. "Hehehe, I don't have one… I just had you attack and it worked out because we had an advantage," Wade sighed. "You'll find out once we have that talk with the professor."

"I wouldn't say you just had Houndour attack," Cherren butted in. "It's smart to know that you've got an advantage and to play offensively because of it, even if it can lead to easy counters from more experienced trainers. I also didn't think somebody who, apparently, isn't used to battling, would know how to fake out their opponent," Cheren said. Wade just shook his head at the praise.

"I wouldn't say it's a strategy on my part. Houndour did all the hard work. I just told him to launch Flamethrower after Flamethrower, and he figured out that he should try to fake out Snivy," Wade dismissed the praise. "While he did pick up on what I was thinking, if he hadn't, that fight would have lasted way longer," Wade emphasized the word 'way.' He grinned down at Houndour. "Though I am pretty lucky that Houndour is a pretty strong pokemon."

Houndour just nipped Wade. "Stop dismissing your own competence in the battle. It wasn't perfect, but I wasn't expecting that. Middle of the Distortion world, if you don't want to battle ever again because you don't feel confident in your skills, whatever. Just please be happy with the win," he scolded, even if it was on deaf ears. Wade yelped when he got nipped before getting the message.

"I know Houndour, I need to stop being a sad idiot," he rolled his eyes, which elicited another nip from Houndour. Everybody that was watching the interaction found it amusing. Wade and Houndour were practically having a conversation even Wade couldn't understand a single word that Houndour was saying. "Hey, can you stop nipping me, Bud? You're giving me the impression that you're trying to taste how my skin tastes."

Houndour looked taken aback by the joke, and gagged at the thought. Not only does Wade taste bad, it would be disgusting to even consider eating his trainer. They were family now, family didn't eat family, and certainly didn't like to imagine how sad family tastes. "I know, I'm delicious, but I'm not a walking free sample, Houndour," Wade said, sarcasm leaked into his words as he chuckled. The duo followed the group back inside the lab.

After the sleeping arrangements were settled, Wade asked Professor Juniper about their talk, which the professor hadn't forgotten. The two of them stepped into a side room in the lab, which was apparently sound proof, with Gothitelle on standby. "She isn't here to break my neck if you think I'm annoying, right?" Wade asked. Professor Juniper giggled.

"No, she's just here to make sure you aren't lying. Psychic types and even Vulpix and Ninetales are pretty good lie detectors. Even if Vulpix and Ninetales are easier to mentally fool due to their lack of a Psychic typing," she explained. "I'm just making sure you aren't lying to me," she added. Wade shrugged, fully understanding why. He wouldn't think a word he was saying was true, had all of this not happened to him. Houndour sat on standby, curious as to what would be discussed.

"Alright so… I'm just going to be honest, since I can't lie, I'm uh… not a researcher. I know, big shocker, a guy who looks like he got hit

by a car isn't a rocket scientist," he joked. "Heck, I'm pretty sure, no, I know I'm not even from this world. Where I come from, Pokemon is merely a franchise owned by a company called Gamefreak. You, Ash, Cheren, everybody in this world are merely characters in games that are apart of said franchise. I'm pretty sure Houndour came into being after I came here, right after I 'caught' a shiny Houndour in another game called 'Pokemon Go' and ended up here."

Professor Juniper looked to Gothitelle, who nodded. "So, you're an alien," she asked.

Wade nodded. "Yeah, pretty much, and I guess… Houndour is too. I'm not even really sure as to why I'm here, but I got a couple ideas as to why," Wade said. "One theory, is that I am still really drunk and this is all just a hangover, or when I got hit by a truck last night, it somehow sent me here, in other words I'm dead, and this is Hell. As for why Hoindour came into being, I have no clue. Perhaps he's the same one I caught on my phone and some greater deity just wanted to leave me with a companion in this world."

The professor raised an eyebrow. "I'd assume you were hit by a truck and that sent you here. You sure look like it. As for you being dead in your world... it would be pretty likely. I highly doubt that you could survived getting hit by a truck," she said. "Well… that is more reasonable, and I hope that's real, even if I'm apparently dead, since I really wasn't going anywhere in life. Also makes sense given how there are 10 year-olds getting ready to explore the country side."

Professor Juniper tilted her head, wondering what was wrong with that.

"You see, in my world, Pokemon is heavily aimed at younger kids… and well, let's say 12 year-old me would be happy as hell to be here. Before you ask, in this world, I' guessing, most kids leave home at 10 to be very best like no one ever was, at 12 years in my world, we aren't even trusted to leave the driveway without getting into trouble, getting kidnapped, murdered, or getting touched by some old guy," he explained.

"Well… ignoring that tangent, this means I'm pretty much an idiot

lost in a world. I've got no money, I haven't eaten anything except an Oran Berry today and I don't think Houndour's eaten anything either. Not much different from where I actually lived, since I could barely even hold a job… I'm pretty useless as a worker and I'm also pretty damn stupid."

Professor had her eyes closed and she took a deep breath. "I could probably offer you a job, or even even sponsor you to take part in the Gym Challenge, but I'd highly doubt that the second option would be allowed…" she paused as Wade raised an eyebrow. "You see, Houndour and Houndoom don't have a very good reputation in the Gym Challenge, and also pretty illegal to let trainers, who have Houndour and Houndoom, compete in it. Outside of Kalos, nobody really uses, or owns, a Houndour or Houndoom, and even then, said Houndoom's trainer is an elite four member. And she's not allowed to use it against challengers… let's say being struck by one is a fate worse than death," she explained.

"And… they are also a favorite amongst criminal organizations except here in Unova, but that's because they aren't native here. That gives the impression that Houndour and Houndoom are naturally evil. Also most Houndoom that even make it to the Pokemon Conference tend to… turn on their trainers? I don't know, or even know the full context as to why, there's just loads and loads of footage of Houndoom turning right around and firing at their trainers."

Wade looked down at Houndour and shrugged. "I don't think Houndour would try to fire at me. Hasn't been more than a day of me meeting him, and Houndour Is probably the best friend I've ever had…" he smiled. "And I'm sorry for not telling you immediately, Houndour I just had no idea of how I can verify this information to you, or how you'd react."

Houndour simply shrugged, it sounded like a bunch of stuff he couldn't understand… and it did sound kind of crazy. He, a shiny Houndour, just poofed into existence for no explicable reason, as a human pet. Like he cared, what mattered was making sure his human wouldn't go insane, which meant that Houndour had to be friends with Wade. That would be fun.

"So… about that job offer?"

Professor Juniper shrugged. "Since you legally can't enter the Gym Challenge, I want you to travel with White and her friends when they go out on their journey. Just keep watch over them, since I know their parents. I'll pay 2,000UPD(Uovan Pokedollars) once every two weeks. From there, just research anything, from history, to your Pokemon's behavioral patterns, or even fill out a Pokedex. It doesn't matter to me, just make sure you stick with those kids," Juniper said.

Wade shrugged. "Alright, I'm down. I just have a question… why wasn't Snivy burnt to a crisp after being blasted with a Flamethrower?"

Professor Juniper shrugged. "We scientists don't fully know why a Fire Type's attacks sometimes don't burn, or how Surf doesn't flood the places it's used in, but we do have a theory. So a Pokemon has two versions of their moves or powers. Real Powers can cause actual damage. Meaning if Houndour wanted to, that poor Snivy would be a pile of ashes. Battle Powers, what we believe we see mostly during professional battling, can't cause physical damage. They can knock you, or any other Pokemon out, but can't be used to kill anybody… that's the most popular theory at least."

"Y'know, I could research that… I wouldn't know how I would, but I could," Wade offered. Professor Juniper nodded. "That could be pretty useful for science… So how is your background? I just need to ask before I hire you, it's a mandatory thing," she explained.

"Well, I had four jobs… I worked in a pet store, got to learn a bit about pets in that, and that's the only job I managed to keep for more than a week," he explained. "Pets?" Juniper asked. "Well, in my world, we don't have actual pokemon, but we do have animals. I think the equivalent of Houndour back home would be a doberman, a breed of dog," he explained.

"I know what a dog is. Heck, we have animals in conversations and there are still quite a few in the wild. They just sort of accept pokemon if they resemble their own species closely enough. They just aren't as commonly seen because they're usually pretty skirmish… they are basically at the bottom of the food chain," she

corrected.

"Well, that's really all I've gotta ask you. Tomorrow I'll get you another Pokedex, a badge to show that you work for my lab, and figure out how to get you a proper ID. It shouldn't be too hard since I have quite a few connections in the League," she said. "For now, let's go join those kids, I ordered takeout, and I think you and Houndour could eat… especially you. You look really thin," she added. "No offense."

"Nah don't worry, I'm used to being called stuff all the time. Usually it's not very friendly stuff, but I'm used to it." Wade waved a hand before following Gothitelle and Juniper out of the room. Wade hadn't even gotten into the subject of what was possibly undiagnosed depression. Before he stepped out the door, he turned and looked ar Houndour, who was at his heels.

"You don't gotta be at my heels y'know. Just walk beside me. You're my equal, not my pet. So c'mon," Wade stopped so Houndour could stand beside him. "I don't want you to follow or lead me, I just want to be walking beside you… you're way smarter than a dog, probably as smart as I am, so I'd say you should be above having to heel whenever you follow me," he knelt down and picked Houndour up.

"But for now, just lemme carry ya, you're nice and warm… and it feels nice," he nuzzled his cheek into Houndour's fur. The canine didn't complain; he got to bond with his trainer, who he had gotten very attached to in the time he had met Wade. He also began to respect Wade. After his human had made it a point to say that the two of them were equals even if Wade was the trainer.

Houndour's tail began to wag as he smelled all the food in the room… It smelled delicious.

A/N: Aight, so I wasn't intending to put an Author's note here, but I figured I might as well. The whole "Real, not real" attacks/powers Pokemon have was an idea that Ashlee Rose, or the writer of 'I Became a Vulpix' had(sorry if I spelled your name wrong, love your story, it's really good, so go read it if you somehow haven't). Instead

of it being a well known fact, it's simply going to be a theory in this world.

And once again, I hope this story is up to snuff with I Became a Vulpix and Borne of Caution, since both stories are incredibly well made, and I doubt mine is. Thank you for reading, leave a review for if you think this story sucks, is really good, or I should quit writing and die in a ditch.

Also modified this chapter to add more things to it, fix up some grammar, and rewrite things to make them more clarifying.

The First Night

Wade followed Professor Juniper to the edge of the sound proof room they were in. "Just make sure you don't tell anybody about your… predicament. It's not everyday we get an alien in our midst. Especially not an alien from as bizzare of a world as you come from… I seriously don't understand how you and your world could run without Pokemon…" the Professor trailed off as Wade chuckled.

"Oh, my world runs off old, rich guys making up random rules, taxes, and whatever the fuck. Then those old guys put poor bastards like me a job to… make them more money," Wade explained. The professor giggled at that. "You know, your world might not be much different from this one then, this one also runs off of old, rich guys. We just get pokemon to make living a bit more bearable…" She and Wade had a good laugh at that.

The two stepped out and walked down the hall, that led into the lobby, and Wade followed the professor down another hall. Houndour, who was still in Wade's arms, began to squirm and Wade could see why. White, Cheren, and Bianca were seated around a dining table. On the table was takeout boxes full of foods Wade didn't recognize, and some foods that he could very easily recognize like pizza, fried… chicken(at least he thought it was chicken and not some poor Torchic).

"Hey professor!" Bianca waved as she wiped her cheek with a napkin. "And hey…" she paused, expecting for Wade to say his name. Was his name hard to remember? He couldn't recall and person in his world named Cheren or Juniper, so it probably made sense that 'Wade' wasn't a common name… Wade decided to push that off to the side, he had a few weeks before he had to walk for miles with these kids, so he might as well get to know them.

"I'm Wade, I don't think I got properly introduced to any of you… since Trip was hellbent on trying to get me to battle with him," Wade sat down at the table, keeping Houndour in his lap. "Should I put Houndour on the floor?" He asked. Professor Juniper shook her

head, so he kept the hellhound in his lap. "So, why are you guys going out on the Gym Challenge?" Wade asked, hpping to get some small talk.

"Well, I want to be the champion of the Unova region. Not just that, I want to be the strongest trainer in the world… and in order to prove my worth, I've got to beat every gym leader, elite four member, and Alder, the champion. And… after that, I really don't know," Cheren answered. This kid, much like in the games, seemed to just want to get stronger… but surely that will change in time if the games were something he could go off of.

"Well, I'm not really even going to be doing the Gym Challenge. Sure, I'll collect badges, but that's really it. I want to just be away from home for once… my dad's a bit over protective and it's a miracle that he'd even agreed to this to begin with," Bianca groaned. "He's been sheltering me my whole life, but he won't just give me the chance to grow up," she complained. Wade nodded, before holding a piece of chicken for Houndour, who was pulling strips of meat from his trainer's hand. Wade was just happy that the canine was making sure that he wasn't biting his trainer's fingers.

"I… I don't know why I want to go on the Gym Challenge. It seems really fun, but I don't think anything too big will come from it. Meeting new pokemon is always a plus, and we get to help people when we see them in trouble!" White sounded really cheerful. "So Gym Challengers help people out?" Wade asked. White nodded. "Of course! Gym Challengers are usually known a step up from your average guy with a pokemon, so it's expected that we help out," White explained.

"Ah, say Cheren, that could be a reason why you should get stronger. Instead of just gettin' strong for the sake of getting strong… you could get strong to help those in need, or to protect whoever you love…" Wade tried not to cringe at that last bit. It was a bit cliche to say, to 'defend the people you love,' but it was a legitimate reason to be a strong trainer in this world. And Wade wasn't sure of what advice he could, or should be giving, as he had no clue as to what the Gym Challenge was like beyond the games.

"Well… that would be a pretty good reason to get strong. I like it. I'll

get stronger, be the best champion I can be, and protect the region from threats!" Cheren declared. 'Great. I just gave this kid another goal, a nice big one that's hard to achieve. Good job, Wade' Wade thought as he just politely smiled.

"So, where did you and Houndour come from? At most, you told us that you aren't much of a battler, and then trump Trip who's said that he's traveled through several regions and participated in several league conferences," Cheren asked. Wade rubbed a crumb off of Houndour's lips, who now seemed satisfied with the amount of food he's eaten. Wade then took a slice of pizza and set it on his plate.

"Well, me and Houndour are from a very, very distant region. It's called Wyoming… and my home town wasn't the most accepting of my friendship with a Houndour. You see, where I come from, Houndour and Houndoom attacks are pretty common. Heck, a kid I went to trainer school got mauled by one during break… so when my parents and town found out that I was playing fetch with Houndour… they weren't happy about it. So here me and Houndour are, looking for a way to find our place in the world…" Wade then whispered into Houndour's ear, "Just roll with this for now." Wade made a mental note to keep this story in mind, and to tell it whenever somebody asks where he's from.

"So… you and Houndour are a couple of outcasts," Cheren simplified.

"Yeah, pretty much. Houndour, you just ate four chicken legs, two breasts, and a sausage. How are you not full?" Wade asked as Houndour stopped. His pupils widened, darted towards the pizza on Wade's plate, and to Wade himself. Houndour was surprisingly cute. "You wanna try it because I'm eating it, don't ya?" Wade asked. "You can't fool me with puppy eyes either, I had a dog in the past and she wanted whatever I had, even if it was a salad," he grinned when Houndour dropped the puppy eyes now that he'd been caught.

"Alright bud, you can have a bite," Wade tore a piece of the pizza off and held it out for Houndour, who happily swallowed it whole. Cheren, White, and Bianca just blankly stared at the duo as they had their little exchange.

"You had a dog?" White asked. "Yup, in Wyoming, it's more common to find a dog than a pokemon in everybody's household. So, my family had a dog. Apparently dogs and Houndour act very similar… if the whole 'I want what you're eating' thing isn't just a universal pokemon thing," Wade shrugged. "I'm not super sure, since I never really had to look that deep into pokemon beyond Houndour. We had zero reason to, since Wyoming doesn't even have any ongoing Gym Challenges," Wade explained. This made the three children express their surprises and disbeliefs of such a practice until they saw the serious look on Wade's face.

After the group had their fill, Bianca and White went to where their room was, as they had to share. Cheren had the room across the hall from them, and because Wade insisted, got his own room. "It'd be weird to have a grown man share a room with a kid, unless that grown man is said kid's dad," Wade would say as an excuse. Luckily, Professor Juniper understood, and was pretty understanding of his reasoning, so she led him further down the hall. They stopped outside of a door.

"And this is where you'll be sleeping until White and her friends start their journey," Professor Juniper said as she opened the door they had just stopped outside of. When Wade saw the room his eyes widened, since he thought he'd be staying for free, so the room wouldn't be that nice. While it wasn't extravagant or as nice being in his own bedroom, the room was quite cozy. It just had a night stand with a lamp on it, with a few books that actually looked interesting, and even a decently sized TV hanging from the wall. It was like a small, but very well rated hotel room.

And Wade got to stay here for free…

"Are you sure you're okay with giving me such a nice room? I… I dunno, but this seems-" he stopped when a finger pressed against his lips in a shushing motion. "Wade, you don't have to worry about anything. You're my guest, as my guest, it's only expected that I give you a nice room. Well, it might not be spacious, but I doubt that would be problematic would it?" Professor Juniper asked. Wade just shook his head and gave his thanks to the professor. "Just don't put the TV on at full volume at night. These walls are pretty thin," Juniper instructed.

Houndour, ignoring his trainer and the professor's conversation, wandered into the room and quickly found the pokemon bed that was hidden by the bed. Out of everything in the room, it was the nicest thing, even nicer than the bed that Wade would get to sleep on. He yawned and laid his head on his paws, but still remained ready to jump to his feet in a heartbeat. He wanted to be ready if somebody were to attack in the middle of the night.

"Man, the professor's really nice," Wade said as he laid down on his bed. "Hey Houndour, I know we pretty much just met… but do you wanna sleep up here with me?" The man asked. Houndour yawned and faked a groan. He was fully expecting to have to sleep in the pokemon bed, but was pleasantly surprised when Wade offered him this. So he reared up, wiggled a bit, and hopped up on the bed. Houndour wasn't too excited about having an arm and a blanket draped over him, but he wasn't complaining either. It wasn't long until the blanket was discarded.

"Alright, note to self: Houndour and blankets are too hot, just cuddle with Houndour," Wade joked as he draped his arm back over the canine. The two simply laid, with Wade staring at the ceiling for a couple hours to pinder his new predicament.

"Tomorrow, we're gonna see if the professor's got any books on a Houndour's diet. I wanna make sure I'm not feeding you something that's horrendously bad for you, and I hope to actually learn how to cook. I might not deserve a nicely cooked meal, but you do. Gotta make sure my pretty boy is nice, healthy, and has a shiny coat as proof," Wade laughed as Houndour actually hid his head under Wade's arm in embarrassment. "What's wrong, bud? You were more than happy with the praise earlier- gah! It's a trap! Houndour, that tickles!" Wade laughed as his pokemon took to tickling his trainer for five minutes exactly.

After Wade was sufficiently tickled, Houndour laid his head on top of his trainer's chest as the poor man began to catch his breath. "Damn. You. Houndour. You're. Lucky. That. You're. So. Cute," Wade said as he wheezed. He sat up and hugged his pokemon after a couple of seconds. "Well… if the games are accurate," Wade's eyes widened.

"Hey Houndour, if what I'm thinking might happen, well, happens, we're gonna be at the forefront of it… White might end up reawakening Reshiram or Zekrom, we might meet the equivalent of Pokemon Gandhi, and deal with a group of people that's… looking to take over the world?" Wade explained. Houndour just nodded. Whatever all this meant, he had no clue. He was intelligent, but he was maybe a little bit less intelligent than a Vulpix. In other words, he couldn't understand what all of this implied. If what was going to happen was dangerous, he's just going to defend him and Wade. No matter the consequences.

Wade shrugged. "Well, let's not dwell too long on the future bud. It's like the past, it's best to not think about it. Whatever happens tomorrow is tomorrow's problems… that's what Saitama said at least," he chuckled, knowing his pokemon wouldn't know who Saitama was. Nor would anybody really, but Houndour did seem to get it. Wade laid back down with Houndour on top of him, and the duo drifted off into sleep.

The first thing Wade did when he woke up, was remain completely still, and wait for Houndour to wake up. As it turned out, Wade was just as unwilling to make his Houndour wake up, as he was with Molly. The simple rule was, if you let your dog(or pokemon in this case) fall asleep in your arms, or on top of you, you don't dare disturb them. So after what felt like an eternity, Houndour woke up, yawned, and greeted Wade with a good morning lick.

"Well bud, let's go see if we can visit the library..." Wade paused as he noticed a stack of books, with a sticky note on the top of the stack, on the nightstand. "Those weren't there when we fell asleep," Wade grabbed the sticky note and saw that it was a note in English… Unovan? Wade still wasn't sure. At least he now knew that he could just write and still get a point across… no relearning how to write the alphabet, words, or grammar for him! He began to read what was on the sticky note.

"I figured that you could use the books. They'll give you a very basic understanding of the Gym Challenge, pokemon diets, grooming, and whatever. There's also a few books specifically on how to take care of a Houndour or Houndoom. Just make sure you don't damage these, they're from my personal library. -Love, Professor Juniper."

Wade shrugged. "Well bud, hope you like hearing me read. Because we're gonna be here for a while… this'll be just like that AP Chemistry class I took and failed…" Houndour rolled his eyes, but Wade was quick to notice. He took the remote beside the books and turned the TV on. To his surprise, Houndour started watching TV and seemed to actually be taking in what was going on… the show kind if resembled Pokemon Mystery Dungeons with how the pokemon could speak english, and had handkerchiefs for their corresponding teams.

Wade grabbed the first book, a book on Canine 'Pokemon Diets Vol. 1: Houndour and Houndoom' was the title. The book was thick, but it wasn't too thick. It probably wasn't too bad of a read either, as the first page seemed to have some humor in it, like a small comic strip here and there to help explain whatever. There was even one one where Professor Oak(Wade immediately recognized the iconic professor) unknowingly pissing a Houndour off only to get flamed by it.

"Well, it's gonna be a but of a read, but it's more interesting than a fucking dictionary," Wade snorted when he saw the comic strip of a Houndoom slapping Professor Oak in the face with a paw.

0-0-0-0-0

alright so, I did kind of reference a small series of videos(shorts?) where it's professor oak talking about a pokemon and promptly getting blasted by said pokemon. they're usually pretty funny.

anyways, I hope this story is interesting. these first few chapters are gonna be a bit slow, so bear with me.

Houndour Slander

Wade sighed as he settled the first book he picked up, it took him way longer than he'd thought it would to read it. The small clock, which was a part of the TV, told him that it was 2:30PM. Houndour had found the TV show to be boring after an hour, he figured out that Houndoom was apparently one of the bad guys, and stopped watching it. He shortly joined his trainer after he decided to ignore the television(Houndour didn't know how to work the remote). So the two had been sitting, practically since they woke up, just reading the book.

Much to Houndour's displeasure, the book talked about how untrustworthy the Houndour line was! What did his kind ever do to gather such a bad reputation? He would've burnt the book had Wade told him not to, which still seemed super tempting… "I know bud, this is slander, but this is Professor Juniper's book. When I get paid, I can get you a copy just so you can burn it, how does that sound? Wade offered. Luckily, it was enough to satisfy the canine's anger, and enough to keep him from flaming the book.

On the bright side, the book did have good insight on what moves the Houndour line could learn(naturally or with a Technical Machine, T.M for short), suggested diets, training regiments, and even the best spots to scratch. Houndour was more than a willing test subject for the last one. Needless to say, Wade knew that he was going to be spoiling the hell out of Houndour sooner or later. As it turned out, Houndour, and most pokemon with a similar canine-like build, could eat pretty much whatever. There were small preferences here and there, but Wade was just happy to know that he wouldn't be feeding something poisonous to his pokemon by accident.

"Y'know, we've been cooped up in this room pretty much all day, and I want a break from reading. We're basically waiting on White's birthday in a few weeks so… wanna go out on a walk?" Wade asked. Much to his surprise, Houndour got just as excited by that question as a regular old dog would… but with much more energy than a dog. Houndour jumped up on the bed, off a wall, and almost

struck his head on the ceiling when the question was asked. "Jeez, alright, I got the message. Walks are a huge yes for passing the time…"

The two stepped out of their room, Wade figured he wouldn't need a leesh, and didn't have one anyways. So the two began making their way down the hallway towards the lobby, without Professor Juniper, the two would've gotten lost. Luckily their host was kind enough to leave signs that pointed towards where the lobby was, so getting lost wasn't the issue. What was the issue was Professor Juniper stepping out in her pajamas in the room next to where White and Bianca were sleeping. Wade stopped himself from walking into her, but that didn't stop from scaring her awake.

"Why are you getting up so late?" Wade asked. "Because usually, where I'm from at least, we usually don't wake up at 2:00PM." Professor Juniper began to look a bit sheepish, she wasn't expecting anybody to be leaving their rooms this late… her hair's a mess, she's dressed in her Emolga onesie for crying out loud! She scratched the back of her head before sighing.

"Okay… so after learning of your… unexpected origins, as well as Houndour's odd birth, I began to read up on the Multiple Universe Theory. There are some theories where there are worlds like ours, but without Mega Evolution, some like yours with a lack of Pokemon! Oh, and this really cool theory is that each universe is linked and…" she paused as she realized she was rambling. She giggled and regained her composure. "In other words, I was up all night… I couldn't find out why, of all places, you ended up here, or how Houndour came to be… but I do now know a really basic understanding of the Multiple Universe Theory."

Professor Juniper then put her hands on her hips and grinned. "So, why are you getting up so late? Were you pulling an all nighter like me or…"

"Oh, I was reading one of the books you left in my room… Houndour might've wanted to burn it," Wade said. "Turns out that book, as helpful as it was, was also pretty slanderish towards the species in a lot of aspects. Houndour are apparently pretty short tempered, evil, untrustable, and what have you. For all we know, Houndour can be

just as loyal as a Ninetales, but that book says otherwise. Meanwhile, Houndour saved me from getting mauled by a god damned Pidgey, and is pretty friendly. Even if he did try to take my hand off when we first met him."

Houndour then nipped Wade's hand. "Hey, I can't blame ya for that. You pretty much pop into existence, and then have some dumbass immediately try to pet you," the young man chuckled. Houndour got up on his hindlegs and nuzzled the hand he just nipped. The two remained in silence until Juniper cleared her throat.

"Wade, that book has what it does in it for good reason. Hold on," Professor Juniper stepped back in her room and came out a minute later. Now, instead of the Emolga onesie, she was more formally dressed for scientists. In other words, Wade thought she just quickly put her clothes on from last night because it was the first set of clothes she could grab. "C'mon, let's go into the computer room, there's quite a few videos that I want you to watch… because I think your Houndour might be an exception."

Wade and Houndour looked at each other for a second before following the professor down the same hall that led into the dining room, only to take a right turn. They stopped in front of the first room and followed her inside. For what should've been awe-inspiring, was actually more akinned to a high school computer lab. A row of desks with, admittedly expensive looking, computers from a brand that Wade didn't recognize. Even if Wade's knowledge on computers came down to 'Dell will brick itself, and Apple products cost too much.'

Next to a window sat a nicer computer than the rest, that turned out to be Juniper's personal computer. Why it was in a computer room, where anybody could walk in and steal it, Wade wasn't sure. "Pull up a chair, we're going to be sitting here for a while," Professor Juniper said, she very quickly typed in her computer's password and had the video player open by the time Wade pulled a chair up. Houndour hopped into his trainer's lap, awaiting to see what was about to be played.

Houndour sat in extreme interest, the main subjects of the video were usually Houndoom or Houndour. From the… extremity of the

species' hunting methods, which usually involved them hunting their prey down and eating them alive, to behavioral patterns. Houndour shivered at the thought of being eaten alive, there was no way he could imagine eating another creature without putting them out of their misery. Nobody deserves to feel such pain.

The next clips caught his attention again, where a Houndoom that was clearly covered in week old bruises, turned around and fired at her trainer. He barked and nudged Wade and pointed a paw at the Houndoom. "What is it bud?" Wade asked. "Hey Professor, is it just the potato quality, or can I count the ribs? Like not just the rib-like structures, but its actual rib cage?" He asked. The Houndoom, while bruised in Houndour's eyes, was very thin. Houndour got another look and could genuinely count the ridges of a spinal cord along Houndoom's back. She was either poorly fed, or deprived of food.

Professor Juniper nodded. "Nobody really… thought about the condition that the Houndoom was in. Everyone was more in shock that she was attacking her trainer, but this is the only Houndoom attack that could be explained by something else. I think that Houndoom is now some child's pet. And the trainer is behind bars for poor treatment of, just not the Houndoom, but his entire team. Other than that…" the screen flashed to a healthy Houndoom turning around and using what looked like Bite on their trainer.

"Before you ask, that was Crunch. The footage cut off before the rest of the attack could play out, but Houndoom was killed shortly afterwards… his trainer was a mangled corpse by the time anybody stopped him," Professor Juniper explained. Houndour just sat in shock, he personally couldn't see anything wrong with the Houndoom, so he now knew that attack came out of nowhere. Clip after clip of perfectly healthy Houndoom attacking their trainers before Wade got up and actually shut the monitor off.

"Alright, I get it. Some of Houndoom's prejudices are valid… but all of those were Houndoom clips. What about Houndour?" Wade asked. "Well, we don't really have much in regards to Houndour attacks. In fact, all of those clips were from tournaments on professional levels, in League Conferences, to other events where strong trainers compete… no Houndoom attacks outside of those. In fact, there was a case of a Houndoom watching over some girl's

Togepi until it could reunite the girl with her Togepi," Juniper explained.

"And I'm not going to be taking part in any of that shit. If I end up building a team, when I'm not even allowed to use my ace? Fuck that. Just ignoring not being able to fight with my Houndour at my side, it all just seems stressful. Having your worth be proven by eight pieces of metal, to having that much attention on your failures? God, to imagine that 10 year-olds are going through the gym challenge just floors me… I could never handle something like that at their age… I couldn't imagine doing that now."

Wade sighed as he realized his pokemon hadn't moved. "Hey Houndour, are you alright?" Houndour jumped when he felt a hand pat him on the back. "We aren't going to be letting this get us down, right? We got a whole region to explore, places to see. So what if people think you'll snap at any moment?" Wade paused as he realized how bad that sounded. "Well, ignoring how bad that sounded, you shouldn't let that get you down, or fear evolving. No matter what, you're gonna be my best friend, alright?" Houndour just nodded and smiled. If his trainer approved of him, what else mattered?

"Great. Now my emotional well being is solely based on if you approve of me. Here I was, expecting to spend the rest of my life hating you, but… I'm glad that I didn't," Houndour said.

"Well… you don't have to partake in the Gym Challenge. That wasn't a part of our deal for your employment… so I have an idea for what you can do," Professor Juniper added. "You and Houndour can travel as usual with White and her friends, but once Houndour evolves, make note of any changes in his personality. And once Houndour does evolve, let me know, and I'll send you two a little present that I think you both could benefit from."

Wade nodded. "Gotcha, anything else?" Wade asked. "Well, just keep memos for me with this," Professor Juniper handed him a Pokedex. "This has a built-in microphone and recorder. I also went ahead and also tied it to your ID, so don't lose it! You just record a memo and send them to me whenever you get the chance… which can really only be done at a Pokemon Center, you do know what

that is, right?"

Wade nodded. "A building with a reddish, orange roof," he answered.

"And I'd assume these games you mentioned also taught you how to catch a pokemon?" Juniper asked. 'I need you to explain to me what these things are about.'

"Yeah, fight them, throw a pokeball. or I can capture a pokemon because it wants to come with me. I… will probably screw up throwing the pokeball, since I'm used to messing up pretty basic stuff," Wade answered.

"Well, you've got the jist of being a trainer, not a lab trainer like White, Cheren, and Bianca, but a trainer nonetheless," Juniper noticed the confused look on his face. "A Lab Trainer are trainers that go out, help people, take on Gym Challenge, and win tournaments. For every tournament they win, they make my lab look good, which gets me more funding and more slots for lab trainers. Luckily my lab's been around for awhile under my dad's name, and all the perks stuck around. Since you said you don't plan on being a Gym Challenger because of how stressful it sounds, I'd assume you don't want to be a Lab Trainer either, since that can also get a little… tense. Just know that, if you change your mind, you can be a Lab Trainer in a heartbeat," she explained.

"Ah, that's… way more in depth than the games. In those, you just give a letter to your 'mom' and fuck off. Well, me and Houndour are gonna go on a walk. That's what we were gonna do until we got a bit sidetracked with… all of this," Wade gestured towards the computer and the professor.

"Why did you gesture at me to?" Professor Juniper asked.

Houndour let out a sly whistle, much to Wade's surprise. He looked slyly at his trainer and back at the professor. "No Houndour, we are not going to go there today," Wade said. His cheeks were starting to turn red as Houndour kept shooting looks at the Professor in a suggestive way.

"Go where?" Professor Juniper asked.

"Nowhere! Anyways, we gotta go, b-buh-bye!" Wade plucked Houndour up and off of the ground, and walked out the computer rook before Juniper could say anything or ask any more questions. "Are you trying to get me killed, bud?" Wade whispered as soon as they stepped out of the lab. The canine began to snicker at his trainer's expense. "Alright, I'm gonna make you eat a… fuck, you'd probably just like that," Wade sighed in defeat.

"Well, I can't make you eat a jalapeno… if that even exists, so instead I'm gonna make you eat a coffee bean." At the prospect of food, Houndouur's ears perked, but was quickly forgotten as he and his trainer began to wander around Nuvema town. There was really no rhyme or reason to it, just turning right, and right, and right again. Some window shopping later, and Wade was in the town square where a crowd had formed. Houndour began to trot towards the crowd and his trainer followed closely behind him.

"Pokemon are living beings as well, and they are our equals! And they can only become our equals if we make trainers release their pokemon. Join us, Team Plasma on our quest to bring forth a new age. A new age where pokemon and humans are equals, not one where pokemon are nothing but mere slaves to their owners! Hail to the King!" People in the crowd then started to disperse while sending up a storm of whispers. Save for one guy.

"Odd… I swore that Team Plasma was introduced in… Accumula Town? Why the fuck are they in…" Wade shut his jaw as he was approached by the one guy who remained after the speech from Team Plasma. He was a tall, slender man with pale skin. He wore a baseball cap, with waist long hair in a ponytail. He wore a white, long sleeve shirt and tan, longpants. Wade immediately recognized the man as N, who apparently had a much longer name that Wade couldn't remember at all.

"Interesting… I've… never seen a Houndour before," N said before reaching out to pet the canine. Much to the stranger's surprise, Houndour bared his fangs and almost snarled, but stopped when Wade rubbed his cheek. "That is amazing. I've never seen somebody calm down a pokemon so quickly. You two must have

known each other for years," N said. At least, that's what Wade said. N was speaking a little too fast for his tastes.

"Uh… you can say that. Houndour just doesn't like getting petted by anybody that isn't me," Wade explained. "Ain't that right bud, you're picky about who's giving you a back massage! That's right, you are!" Wade grinned as Houndour took to being babied better than he'd expected. In fact, Houndour was reveling in it. The dog's tongue was hanging out the side of his mouth, and rolled on his back to recieve a belly rub which was so happily given.

N simply smiled at the two's interaction. "So, how about a battle? It'll-" he got cut off when Wade delivered a quick 'no' and he nodded.

"I ain't gonna have my Houndour fight anybody for the time being… I don't want him getting hurt. I know he could probably take a beating, but I couldn't handle seeing him take a beating. So good day, my good sir," Wade began to walk away, Houndour beside him. The latter seemed to try getting his trainer to give chase. Soon after, the trainer was chasing his pokemon down the sidewalk.

Wade had entirely forgotten about his encounter with N by the time he caught Houndour.

Goal in Mind

Wade flopped over in the grass once he thought Houndour thought they had played 'Chase' enough. Ignoring the fact that he had just seen Team Plasma, which confirmed that they did in fact, exist, today was simply a beautiful day. Sun was shining brightly in the afternoon, the sky was nice and clear, save for sporadic clouds. Except for one clump of clouds towards the pier, which Wade had decided to also ignore. It was nice, sunny, with a very pleasant breeze, and he just wanted to enjoy the day.

Houndour on the other hand, had also finally ran out of energy, and had opted to lay beside Wade. He would've happily laid in his human's lap, but his stupid trainer decided to sit in the shade! Just a couple inches to the left, and they both could bask in sunlight! And to make things worse, his human was being too busy with a book that was apparently in his pocket. He let out an involuntary whine, and Wade looked up from the pocket book he was reading.

It was one of the first books on top of the pile he was given. It wasn't a complicated, long book like the first one he had read about Houndour or Houndoom. It was a book that was an abridged version of a Unovan history. It was actually pretty interesting… if he had any friends he'd be excited to tell them if he ever managed to find a way back to his home world. Well, if that was even possible. So far, he figured that he was likely dead, or highly crippled in the real world… could it be considered real? The book in his hand, the Houndour at his side, the pain he felt when a bird slammed into him and 10mph all felt real.

Would he even want to go back home? Sure, he was able to get by, but he never properly lived. Sure, he'd miss his Mom, and he'd definitely miss his dog. But back home, he was a nobody. Well, in this world he was also a nobody, but he had a friend. Sure, that friend was pretty much a dog, but the dog was probably smarter than he was. The moment he could find some way to communicate with Houndour will be the moment Wade makes a mess in his pants. That would be awesome… Wade didn't want to go home.

A whine broke Wade out of his thoughts and he set his book down. "Is something wrong, bud?" Wade placed a hand on Houndour's head and began to rub away. "Can you even feel it when I rub you here?" Wade asked before tubbing the skull-like structure on top of Houndour's head. To his surprise, despite the bone-like structures on Houndour looking like actual bones, they were actually kind of soft. The skull at least felt a bit dense, like it was an armor of some sort, but it was still fuzzy and had some white fur on it. It wasn't very thick fur, but it was there.

Houndour seemed to love it when Wade rubbed the 'skull' and glared at him when he stopped. "So you can feel that… hey Houndour, can you headbutt me?" Wade asked, before realizing what he just asked. Houndour tilted his head in confusion. Attack? Attack his trainer? Hit Wade? Houndour then began to grin, and he headbutted Wade in the shoulder. Wade yelped and started rubbing his arm. "Alright then, that skull on your head is as hard as I thought it was… yet it's still kind of soft? I guess that would make sense since you're not an insect, or have an exoskeleton…"

Wade rubbed his arm again. "That's gonna bruise at some point, but that is an alternative to burning somebody alive, eh?" Wade chuckled. "You can't use the move Headbutt, but you can headbutt… how does that even work? Y'know, with moves being stuff like just kicking, but if you drop kick somebody then it's not High Jump Kick?" Houndour tilted his head in thought. "I guess in a battle it doesn't really matter, if you can tackle somebody, you might as well tackle somebody, right?" Wade shrugged and cringe at the pain in his arm.

"I think you headbutted me a little too hard bud, even my shoulder hurts… nevermind, you headbutted me there," Wade winced as he moved it again. Houndour simply scoffed.

"That's what you get. You stopped petting me, when you aren't allowed to stop petting me…" Houndour said. He needed to break that habit, Wade wouldn't be able to understand, so why did he speak anyways? He pushed that thought aside and began to look a bit more sympathetic. "Look, sorry for hitting you that hard, you seemed to want to know how hard my head is, so I showed you. Are we still friends?" Houndour reared up to try and lick Wade's cheek.

Wade smiled and patted the dog on the back, on the rib-like structure.

"Well, I can't be mad at ya, I did tell you to headbutt me," Wade hugged Houndour, which took the canine by surprise. He tried to back away, but stopped. "It's just a hug, bud. It means we're friends, and that I love you," Wade chuckled when Houndour had finally processed what a hug meant. It wasn't long until his pokemon melted.

"Hey Wade!" The young man looked up to see White. "Mind if I join you?" She asked. Wade nodded and the girl took a seat in front of the duo. "Can I pet Houndour?" White asked.

"You can try, but he probably won't let you. So far, I'm the only person that he lets touch him. And Houndour still tried taking my hand off when we first met… I think it's a form of trust. Or it's Houndour saying that he's my pokemon and doesn't want another trainer," Wade shrugged and winced. "I dunno though. I wish Houndour could talk, so I could actually ask why," Wade let go of Houndour, who promptly rolled over and off of Wade's lap."And now he's done with affection for the day," he chuckled.

White reached out towards Houndour while Wade supervised. If it looked like Houndour would bite the kid's hand off, he'd step in. So far, Houndour didn't even bare his fangs and White's hand was an inch away from his nose! Wade noticed how gentle Houndour was while sniffing White's hand, whereas he'd snapped at Cheren, N, and him at least once. The next thing Wade knew, Houndour was having the time of his life, getting jaw scratches from White, but didn't seem too engrossed in it. White squealed and by then, Houndour was bored and had moved away.

"Well, he didn't bite ya, so I'd say you'd make a better trainer for him than me," Wade jokes. Houndour promptly nipped him. It was Houndour's way of saying 'don't say that' and Wade patted Houndour on the head. "But you two are perfect for eachother, Houndour. Who knew you could be a lady's dog, eh!" Wade yelped when Houndour nipped him even harder. Now the canine just looked downright offended and his face said it all.

'You are my trainer. You alone are my trainer. Don't you dare say otherwise. You're my trainer, I'm your pokemon, and we're going to be together until we die.'

Wade nodded. "Alright, I won't joke about how somebody would be a better trainer for you than me. Even if I personally think somebody could train you better than me, but if you say I'm your trainer, then I'll be the best trainer I can be for ya," Wade scratched Houndour's jaw, who seemed to enjoy it far more, now that it was coming from his trainer. They continued like this until Wade was blinded by a flash. Sitting across from him, white was giggling, and holding a pocket camera. "I got all of that on tape! You two are perfect for each other!"

"What does that mean?" Wade asked.

"Houndour is loyal to you, and you clearly love him!" White tapped the pocket camera a couple times. "And… now the video is on the internet," she giggled while Wade just stared at her before shrugging.

"Well, if people think Houndour is a cute little monster, then that's cool. Because they're right. And it'll help out with my new goal… I wanna change the reputation that Houndour and Houndoom have. I read a book and… people seem to really not like'em. I don't get why, since my Houndour is pretty nice, but apparently Houndoom apparently have a tendency to strike, or attack their trainers for no reason," Wade patted Houndour in the head. "And if posting that video online helps with that, I ain't gonna complain."

Houndour nudged his trainer's hand. Wade was talking about his new goal, too much in fact, and it was a good goal. But all that time Wade was yapping, could be time allocated to his trusty Houndour! Luckily, his trainer caught on and cupped the canine's snout in his hand.

"That's right, we're gonna show that you Houndour and Houndoom are actually a bunch of big babies. That's right, you're really just a buncha big ol' sweethearts, you just don't want anybody other than me to pamper ya!" Wade patted the ground beside Houndour's paws and the canine lunged. The two of them began to wrestle. Neither of

them noticed how White's phone was now out, streaming the whole thing to the internet. Wade saw the phone, which was blatantly pointed at him and his pokemon, and waved.

"You're live, Wade," White said.

"Well, hey, whoever the hell is watching," Wade said before being gently tackled by Houndour. No matter how rough the wrestling looked, Houndour was making sure his claws and teeth never made contact with Wade's skin or neck. In fact, Houndour was happily letting his trainer pin him to the ground, that's how playing worked. You let your friend win a few times, then they let you win a few times. When it came for Wade's turn to be pinned down, all Houndour did was lick his trainer on a cheek, and let Wade up.

White also decided it would be fun to record the duo playing as well, just for her own personal enjoyment… and to show Cheren and Bianca when they meet back up at the lab. Unbeknownst to all of them, the clip of Houndour pinning Wade down was being shipped to through the vast internet, on various video sharing platforms, forums, and even official league forums. That wasn't on any of their minds, Wade and Houndour were having fun, and White was laughing when Houndour licked Wade in the eye.

White eventually stopped the stream and stopped recording. She bid Wade farewell, who was too busy having a one sided argument with Houndour about how eye licking was against the rules of play fighting. Houndour was winning. White quickly worked her way through the streets of Nuvema Town. Having grown up here her whole life, had quickly made her way back to the lab, where Cheren was standing by the door, while Bianca was sitting on the steps. "Hey guys!" White greeted with a huge grin on her face.

"White, what did you do this time? You didn't drop some mud on another Patrat, did you?" Cheren asked.

"No, this is even better. I was just hanging out with Wade and Houndour… he said the word 'hell', do you guys know what that is?" White asked. Cheren shrugged.

"We could go ask Professor Juniper, or even your mom. Though,

why were you hanging out with them?"

"Well, I just saw them laying in the grass under a tree. Wade's going to be traveling with us, so we might as well get to know him… whatever. I got something I've got to show you guys," White pulled out her pocket camera and began to show them the video of Houndour and Wade playing together. From the pure happiness that was apparent on Houndour's face, to Wade genuinely smiling, to the gentleness they had to make sure they didn't hurt each other. Even if Wade looked a little stupid; playing like he was a child.

"They're adorable!" Bianca squealed.

"I know, right? When I left, they were arguing about something, and it looked like Houndour was winning despite not being able to talk," White and Bianca giggled at the image that popped into their minds.

"Why was Wade's movement a bit… off? Like he was trying not to put weight on one of his arms while he was wrestling? Did he hurt himself while they were wrestling?" Cheren asked.

"I saw Houndour headbutt Wade, but I don't think Wade really cared about that. He did wince a couple times while moving the arm that got headbutted, but I think it's fine. It's probably just a bruise… It kinda looked like he was experimenting with the bones on Houndour's head," White said.

"You'd figure if Wade was with Houndour long enough, for as long as I think they've been together, you'd think he would've already known about that…" Cheren pointed out. "Perhaps Wade wasn't telling the truth at dinner yesterday," he suggested.

"Don't say that! For all we know, he probably never thought about how hard a Houndour could headbutt. Perhaps it's to see how well Houndour would do in a battle, and he wants to take part in the Gym Challenge," White argued.

"It's illegal to even use a Houndour, or Houndoom, in official League events. That included the League Conference, fighting the Elite Four, and taking part in the Gym Challenge!" Cheren sighed and shook his head. "Let's just drop this for now and ask Wade later.

Probably when we get to Driftveil, by then he should be comfortable enough around us to tell us the truth… if he isn't, then it doesn't really matter. By then, if it turns out that he's a threat, we all should be powerful enough to overpower him. Especially if we all attack at once."

"Yo, did I miss something? Why are y'all talking about overpowering me and Houndour?" Wade called as he ascended up the steps.

"Uh… we wanna see if we can beat you in a battle when we get our first pokemon," Bianca lied. Cheren facepalmed; Bianca was a terrible liar.

"Don't even try it. I'm not that good of a battler, Houndour just strong as hell," Wade shrugged. "Anyways, it turns out this Pokedex is tied to the official league forums. Found that out when the thing started going off. Some guy really, really wants to buy Houndour," Wade chuckled as he whipped out his Pokedex. "People are weird. Spending actual money on a pokemon that's a rare color variation… Well, then again, I do know somebody who would drop 100 on a Shiny Pikachu…" Wade shrugged and walked past them and into the lab.

"What is a dollar?" Bianca asked.

"Nevermind that, let's go ask Professor Juniper what the word 'Hell' means!" White rushed into the lab. Both of her friends soon followed.

Professor Juniper just blinked a couple times at the question asked. "So you heard Wade say that, didn't you, White?" Professor Juniper asked. She shook her head when the young girl nodded. The group were sitting at the dining room table enjoying a rather early dinner. It wasn't anything spectacular, just a plate of spaghetti and meatballs for each of them. Wade was too busy hand feeding Houndour meatballs to hear the conversation that was happening. "Wade, stop being a bad influence on these kids, please."

Wade looked up and shrugged. "Alright, I'll keep my potty mouth on watch. So no saying the shi-" Houndour nipped Wade's finger and he yelped. "Fine, I won't say it," Wade glared at Houndour who was

looking rather innocent.

"You shouldn't constantly be feeding Houndour food off your plate, he'll get fat," Cheren said.

"And League Branded Pokemon Food looks sketchy to me. It's pretty much just fancy cereal that's been dusted with the bare minimum of nutrients. Before you ask, yes I ate some, and it's pretty much just cereal," Wade shrugged. "I'd rather have Houndour enjoy his food rather than eat cereal everyday… at least until I figure out how to make pokemon food myself. After I get some help with working out a proper diet for Houndour."

"Though, that was some pretty good cereal, lemme tell ya. Beats what I had back at home," Houndour rolled his eyes, the kids blinked a couple times, and Professor Juniper snorted.

Juniper Knows

Wade was lying in bed, it was midnight, and he's yet to fall asleep. Sleeping beside him, was Houndour, who was completely oblivious to how his trainer was still awake. After discovering that his Pokedex was connected to official league forums, he figured he should take the time to see what else the Pokedex could do. So far, he was very impressed with what he was seeing.

The Pokedex could access the internet, came with social media accounts, passwords for those social media accounts included, and could access forums. With this said, it could be used to browse the internet and found that watching videos on it was perfectly serviceable. It also acted as his way of paying, with the ability to have money wired directly onto it. Apparently it came with a starting bonus, likely to help out new trainers, of 1,000UPD. It also came with a Pokedollar conversion tool.

Needless to say, the Pokedex was essentially a smartphone tailored for trainers. It had all the essential services, could tell you what moves a pokemon knew, could be used to call for help. It could even be used to call and video chat, though an Xtranceiver or Holocaster do the job far better. Wade knew he was going to accidentally drop the thing in a lake.

Wade figured he should use the Move Knower, the tool used for telling you what moves your pokemon had, on Houndour. The two of them were bound to get into battles, with what was to come when Team Plasma started becoming an actual threat, he should know what moves his partner had at his disposal. Wade wanted to build a strong team, not for the Gym Challenge, but because of the protection it provided.

Also being able to pet a literal dragon sounded enticing. Heck, he was hoping that he could find specific pokemon. One of those being a Porygon 2. Wade knew his knowledge in competitive battling was very limited, but he knew that a Porygon 2 could very easily help stall. That would be useful if he needed to buy time for one reason

or another. That was very helpful, given that his job was to watch over three children. He pushed the list of dream pokemon aside and scanned his sleeping Houndour.

The Pokedex popped up a menu and began to read out basic information about Houndour. What Houndour was strong in. Houndour was a quick special attacker, but was physically strong enough to get close and personal as a last resort. His ability, which was Early Bird. There was also a respectable amount of bulk to Houndour which meant Houndour could take a hit pretty well.

Houndour's moves consisted of Flamethrower, Howl, Ember, Leer, Bite, Crunch, and Fire Fang. These were just the moves that Wade was expecting the dog to know. Houndour also knew Body Slam and Double Edge, which covered his Normal Types moves. Pursuit and Foul Play covered Houndour's Dark Type moves. That was the Same Type Attack Boost for Fire and Dark settled… if that was how it worked.

Wade was highly impressed and proud. Houndour already had a pretty decent arsenal. Detect was also a move that the canine knew, which would be useful for scouting attacks. What made him grin was what Houndour could learn. From Sludge Bomb to Water Hidden Power, Houndour could learn quite a bit. Iron Tail was a possibility and so was Shadowball… Super Fang was going to be brutal if Houndour learned that.

Then it said Houndour's age. Apparently, Houndour was on the verge of being an adult for his species. It would only be a half a year before Houndour was fully mature… his Houndour was a pup. Not only was that awesome, how could he hate having a puppy? It also made him grin. This dog was almost as mature as some teenage people he knew, which was great. His Houndour was smart, yet still naive… meaning more confused head tilts, which was good.

Houndour lifted his head and sleepily opened his eyes. He tilted his head and nudged Wade a couple times. "Why are you still awake? Staying up this late isn't a good thing, or you'll be woozy all day. I don't want to lose you because you couldn't tell you were standing in the middle of an intersection," Houndour scolded. He stood up and laid on top of Wade's chest.

"Yeah, you're right bud, I should hit the hay. This Pokedex is awesome… now I know what moves you can use, and what moves you can learn," Wade said quietly. He knew it was midnight, meaning any reasonable person should be asleep by now… Wade wasn't a reasonable person and was very easily distracted. Especially when given a new toy to play with, in this case, a shiny new piece of technology. "Who would've known that a pup would be telling me to go back to sleep?" He yawned.

Houndour licked his human on the chin before laying his head on his paws. He waited, listening to Wade's heartbeat, waiting for it to slow down a bit. Once he was sure that Wade was fast asleep, Houndour inched closer and laid his head beside Wade's and fell asleep. Just a few weeks of relaxation, some time to spend with his new trainer… Houndour was happy with that.

Wade lifted his head when he felt somebody knock on his room's door. He stretched his arms forward and turned his face towards Houndour, who had jumped up, likely for the same reason that Wade had woken up. "What is it?" Wade asked as he sat up. The door opened and Professor Juniper walked into the bedroom.

"You're going to miss breakfast if you keep sleeping. Now c'mon, get dressed, and get ready for the day. White told me that she wants to spend the day with you, but didn't want to wake you up. Cheren and Bianca also want to come along for the day, so you'll be hanging out with them," Professor Juniper closed the door to give Wade some privacy, even if Wade was still dressed in the same T-shirt(even though it's been washed) and black pants.

Wade quickly brushed his teeth, brushed Houndour, who tried to eat the brush, and stepped out of his room. Professor Juniper was standing outside, arms crossed. Instead of a lab coat, Professor Juniper was dressed with a blue tank top and a black, knee-length skirt. Instead of the bun her hair was usually kept in, it was loose. It turned out that her hair was waist length… she was pretty.

Houndour let out a whistle and grinned. "Shut up, Houndour," Wade muttered under his breath. Houndour pretended to look offended, before raising a paw to snicker into it. He was going to endlessly tease Wade about his very apparent attraction to the Professor.

Houndour approved too, Juniper was a pretty lady, and seemed like a decent person. Houndour yelped when Wade picked him up by the scruff.

On instinct, Houndour went limp, but began to throw a very verbal tantrum the entire time he was carried through the halls. "So, what were you talking to Houndour about?" Professor Juniper asked.

"Whaddya mean?" Wade asked.

"Houndour whistled when you both saw me. Then you whispered to Houndour about something, and now you're holding him by the scruff. So clearly punishing him for something you think he said," Juniper said. "I'm a scientist, Wade. I can be pretty observant. I can pick up on this stuff pretty quickly," she added. Wade shrugged.

"I knew Houndour was having… odd thoughts. Why does your mind go there anyways, bud? I know you're pretty much a year and a half old." Houndour's response was a whine and a series of sounds that made Wade think his pokemon was part husky.

"I think I know what he's thinking, Wade. In fact, he seems to actually know something, and I think I know what it is," Professor Juniper started to look a bit mischievous. They had stopped in the lab's lobby. The room wasn't anything special, it was just where you walked in and promptly pointed in the right direction. As such, there were just a few chairs and a desk with a computer on it.

"You think I'm pretty, don't you?" Professor Juniper asked. Wade's eyes widened and she giggled. "I figured as much. Houndour really did sell you out on that one!" Houndour side eyed his trainer as a smug grin came onto his muzzle. "So you've got a crush on me, right Wade?" She asked.

"Well… I can't really hide it can I? Thanks to a very awesome dog, it's pretty blatant. Feel free to turn me down… you're definitely way outta my league," Wade mentally prepared himself to be turned down. It's happened before many times with his crushes. He'd confess and they'd toss him aside… that was Wade's experience in High School.

"I never said I'd say 'no.' I'm mostly flattered. Many wouldn't see past the fact that I have quite a bit of influence. In fact, most of the guys who asked me out really only wanted to date me because they knew I have money, and because of my status. You pretty much had zero knowledge about the fact that I'm pretty wealthy, weren't you?" Juniper asked.

"No. It never crossed my mind. I… uh," he settled Houndour on the ground and scratched the back of his head. "I'm sorry, this is the first time a girl wasn't repulsed when I opened my jaw," Wade nervously laughed. "Heck, I'm not used to people actually speaking to me like I'm a person," he slumped.

"Well, how about this? Tomorrow, we'll go dine somewhere. Just you and me. If you don't want to leave Houndour behind, he can come. I was thinking of taking us to a pokemon cafe, where pokemon lounge around the dining room, so Houndour could hang around the table if he wants. And yes, I am asking you out, Wade. So, how about it?"

Wade felt a small smile pulling at the edge of his mouth. "I'd be honored, really. That sounds pretty fun," Wade felt Houndour rub up against his leg. He thought Houndour was telling him to be more confident. "Guess I should be thanking ya, huh Houndour? Also, fuck you for making… My crush for Professor Juniper so hard to cover up. But thank you."

Professor Juniper giggled. "I would've found out eventually. Houndour, we have our work cut out with this one. We gotta instill some nice, old confidence in your trainer…" Juniper knelt down and petted Houndour, who actually seemed happy about it. The woman gave his trainer a chance, so he was willing to be friends with Juniper. After all, Houndour could guess that the two were going to be mates… more packmates for him to play with!

Professor Juniper and Wade decided it was best to put their plans for tomorrow away for now. The two walked into the dining room, Houndour opted to remain in Juniper's arms(it was really comfy in her arms). Cheren looked up from his plate and waved at the two. Bianca tried to say "Hey Wade! Hey Professor!" With her mouth full. White quickly swallowed her food and nearly choked.

"H-hey Professor. Good morning Wade!" White wheezed as she regained her breath. Her voice was a bit raspy from almost being choked by an orange slice. Wade chuckled before greeting the three of them.

"So Professor, how'd you get Houndour to let you hold him?" Cheren asked. "Well, I found out that a certain somebody had a crush on me. After me and that certain somebody decided to have dinner tomorrow, Houndour immediately warmed up to me," Juniper grinned at the pun she made while the children groaned.

"So, who is that certain somebody?" Bianca asked. Cheren and White, despite knowing the answer already, looked interested. The trio all kind of saw Juniper as an aunt, so they wanted to hear from her who she was going to be dating.

"Well, it was Wade. Poor guy thought I'd reject him immediately," she pecked Wade on the cheek and the young man immediately froze in place. "But I gave him a chance. I can tell he's not a bad guy, though I think he could do with having a bit more confidence…" Juniper waved a hand in front of the young man.

"Houndour, can you fix him for me?" The Professor asked. The canine was more than willing to oblige with Juniper's request. He nipped Wade's ankle and the young man jumped. "So, you three wanted to spend the day with Wade?" She asked. This was answered when the children nodded. "Well, eat up and give Wade some time to eat too. He did just wake up."

"Nah, you don't gotta worry about me being hungry. I'm used to skipping breakfast… with my old job, I had no time to sit down and eat breakfast. Heck, I'm used to only eating either lunch or dinner depending on the day… my body's used to one meal a day," Wade waved his hand dismissively. "I'll be fine without breakfast."

"Wade, eat breakfast. One meal a day isn't healthy for you," Professor Juniper put her hands on her hips. "Either you eat your breakfast, or I'm going to make you eat it. And trust me, you don't want me to start feeding you, or you will be babied," Juniper giggled when Wade immediately sat down and began to eat. At first he quickly scarfed down a piece of bacon before his eyes visibly

widened. He began to actually take him time with eating.

"So, where are we heading after breakfast?" Wade asked. "Well, we all plan on heading down towards the market. Professor Juniper gave us each 3,000UPD, and told us to get ourselves something nice," Cheren said. "Plus I heard they sell pokemon, so it would be cool to see if they got any foreign pokemon. They usually do, and they're pretty cheap! I'd buy one if my parents hadn't told me I should wait until I get my starter."

"So, by foreign pokemon, what does that mean? I'm not from Unova, so I don't know what registers as foreign," Wade asked.

"Well, one time I saw a snow white Vulpix from Alola for 1,000UPD… apparently that's pretty common in Alola, hence why it was so cheap. It was so cute! If I could've, I would've bought it," Bianca squealed at the memory.

"Well, that sounds… interesting," his Pokedex rung. 'You've been wired 3,000UPD from Aurea Juniper.' The notification said.

"Make sure you actually buy something you'll want. Don't worry about paying me back," Professor Juniper said. She hid a pocket computer behind her back, and Wade could probably guess what shejust did.

"Alright, Aurea. I'll make sure to get you something nice too," Wade chuckled.

Professor Juniper's pocket computer beeped. "Huh. Apparently one of the trainers I sent out, who's named 'Failure' for some reason, is verbally abusing a Pansear," she swiped at the computer screen. "Let's call it Misery," a voice clip played. It sounded a lot like an Irish Youtuber Wade used to watch.

"Alright, let's go!" White hopped out of her seat. The three children had finished their food, so Wade quickly scarfed down the last of his eggs before standing up. "Hurry up, Wade," Cheren said. Before Wade could even respond, they were out the door. Meanwhile, it sounded like Juniper watching what this Failure was doing with mild concern.

"I'll go after those kids," Wade annlunced before running after them. Houndour waa running beside him, despite knowing he could easily run past his trainer. They were equals, so they were supposed to stand side by side according to Wade. The duo stopped when they entered the mobby where White, Bianca, and Cheren were waiting.

"Now that the old man's caught up, let's go!" White, her friends, and Wade and his Houndour all began to walk at a leisurely pace out the door.

"Wait, what do you mean by 'old man?'" Wade asked. White giggled as Wade began to mumble about being only 20 years-old.

Houndour made sure to nip White for that comment.

A/N:

Alright so, I came up with an idea for a really dumb gag. It involves the 'Failure' character that was briefly mentioned. It's in reference to a playthrough of Pokemon Black during a nuzlocke by RTgame. I won't explain what the gag will be, but I hope it'll be kinda funny.

Also took a moment to go back and edit a few of the previous chapters. Nothing major, just fixing up some grammar(via reading each chapter a couple times and fixing whatever mistakes i catch). So in the future, if for some reason, you read this dumpster fire again, the there should(hopefully) no grammar issues.

Nuvena’s Marketplace

As it turned out, much to Wade's surprise, Nuvema Town did have a port, which also did make some sense. Since the town looked a lot more like the anime, which showed that it did have a port. In the games, the first route you walked on also had access to a stream that opened up into the sea. It was still a bit surprising since Wade now didn't know what to expect out of Unova… according to the Pokedex's map, every city and town were roughly where they were in the games.

He pushed the thoughts aside once he laid his eyes onto the marketplace. It was located on the harbor and wasn't as crowded as he expected. People were rushing back and forth, looking at wares, or simply chatting while eating what was apparently foreign food. Merchants stood behind their booths, many with a pokemon nearby that were helping their trainers attract customers.

"Oh good, it's still not too late… which means it's not going to be crowded for a while," Cheren nudged White and pointed at a booth. In it was a bunch of fancy looking chocolate with prices to match their appearance. "Why is that chocolate so expensive? Surely it can't be better than a MooMoo Bar out of the PokeMart," White frowned. One piece of chocolate was 3,000UPD, which was outrageous in Wade's mind, and he wasn't sure of how that converted to an American Dollar.

"Well, it's probably more 'pure' chocolate. It's just fancy shit to attract rich, pretentious snobs who'll actually spend money on it. Honestly it doesn't look too shabby, but it's probably not as good as some chocolate from the store. Since it's from the store, iit's loaded with sugar… the human body does a lot for sugar, and sugar does a lot of bad stuff to it in return," Wade yelped when Houndour nipped him.

"You talk too much Wade," Houndour said.

"Jeez bud, I'm really feelin' the love from ya… though I was starting to get into some really nerdy stuff." Wade shrugged.

"Say, look over there," Wade pointed at a little shop that had a Midnight Lycanroc sitting outside of it. Next to the wolf, sat a middle aged woman who was selling stuff that looked like it was from Alola. The Strange Souvenir, it was literally sitting on a stand with a label, stuck out to him. It looked exactly how it did in the games. The group walked over to the stand and greeted the merchant.

"I know what I'm selling probably isn't the most valuable stuff in the market, especially to trainers like you, but feel free to look around," the lady said. Sitting amongst her wares was a bunch of Z Crystals, which unsurprisingly were the most expensive things there, 1,000UPD for just one, a Pokemon Ride Gear, photos of various notable trainers with their signatures, and of home-made treats for pokemon.

Given how cheap the treats looked, Wade offered his Pokedex, which was scanned. The lady then handed Wade a bag full of treats, which was very generous given that the bag(which had at least two handfuls of treats) was roughly 10UPD(at least Wade thought it was fairly cheap). "Thank you!" The merchant said. She then watched expectantly as Wade gave Houndour one of the treats, and the canine immediately tried stealing the rest of the bag. Needless to say, Houndour liked it.

"So you made these treats yourself?" Cheren asked.

"Yup! My Mom taught me how to bake, and Lycanroc helped me taste test! Back at home, my family runs a shop much like my booth here. We travel around the world, buy wares, souvenirs, and sell them in Alola. Then we take Alolan goods and souvenirs and sell them. Just like I'm doing right now… my homemade pokemon treats are pretty popular at home. So I feel a bit of pride knowing when any pokemon seems to enjoy my work!"

White patted the Lycanroc on the head, who pushed the hand away with his paw, even if he seemed to be a bit playful about it. The group waved to the merchant and started to wander around the market. Bianca picked up a bracelet, and Cheren got a book filled with battle strategies. White was the only one who hadn't bought anything, but did try getting pokemon to play with her.

"You're a natural, y'know," Wade said.

"What do you mean?" White asked as she fist bumped Riolu, who was standing next to a booth that, according to Cheren, looked a lot like Sinnoh.

"Well, just about every single pokemon you meet just immediately likes you. Houndour didn't snap at you when you petted him, and I wouldn't be surprised if you end up befriending Garitina himself at this rate," Wade chuckled. "I bet whichever pokemon ends up being on your team, is going to be head over heels for ya."

"W-well," White paused when Riolu, much like a cat, rubbed its head on her leg. "I don't know why, but I'm not complaining. Meeting new pokemon is always fun since, if they've got a trainer, are very friendly to me," she patted Riolu and bid him goodbye as they moved on from the booth.

"Wade's Houndour isn't that friendly. He tried to bite me when I tried to touch him," Cheren grumbled.

White then proceeded to pet Houndour on the head and made a move to pick him up. The canine moved away, he didn't want to be held by anybody but Wade, but he did lick the girl's cheek. Cheren groaned while Wade gave the boy a shit eating grin. "Hey Houndour, don't just choose favorites. We're gonna be traveling with these kids, so warm up, eh?" Houndour nodded and allowed Bianca to pet him, even though he was very reluctant about it.

The group eventually made it to the pokemon pens, which Wade was actually saving his money for. He was hoping to see if he could buy himself a second member for his team, one that wasn't from Unova(he wasn't very familiar with the native Unovan pokemon), so his eyes widened when he he noticed perfectly bred pokemon going for 10,000UPD at the cheapest.

"You call this cheap, Cheren?" Wade asked.

"Well, that's for pokemon that are specifically bred for battling. I think it's a load of crap, but apparently there's a science to it. From special abilities, to moves a pokemon can only learn from hatching, there is

an actual reason to buy a specially bred pokemon. Though, this is where we want to be," Cheren led the group deeper into then pens, which held pokemon with more reasonable prices.

While Wade wasn't so sure that he wanted to part with 1,000UPD, the offerings were interesting. An Alolan Vulpix went for pretty cheap, at 937UPD, which could be useful. Albeit Wade wasn't about to buy one just yet, as he still had a few other options to look at. Since next to the Vulpix, sat a couple of Shellos, which were being sold at exactly 1,000UPD.

Gastrodon seemed like an extremely useful pokemon, despite its heavy weakness to grass, Wade knew how tanky one could be. If watching Youtube videos about Pokemon Showdown taught Wade anything, it was that he shouldn't underestimate a Gastrodon, or any pokemon for that matter.

Nidoran, Abra, Magikarp, Feebas(with the means to evolve them), and Maril were amongst the options. There were even a few Eevee that cost approximately 100,000UPD. Apparently Eevee were pretty popular(which meant expensive in Wade's eyes) because of how versatile they could be. The options of pokemon that Wade could buy were pretty slim, but the few that he could look promising. Feebas while being only 500UPD, could be dangerous once evolved… plus Milotic was apparently really pretty while also being a powerhouse.

"Yo," Wade waved at a fishy looking salesman, who was selling Feebas. The merchant looked up, a silent acknowledgment. "How much is a Feebas with a Prism Scale included?" Wade asked. "600UPD," the salesman quickly said. Wade smiled while Houndour groaned, a pokemon to share his trainer with. Disgusting. Needless to say, Wade paid, was handed a feebas in its Pokeball, and given a Prism Scale in a case.

"Well, it's gonna be a bit before you can evolve Feebas," Cheren commented.

"Whaddya mean? Don't I just give Feebas the Prism Scale, and then she evolves after a while?" Wade asked.

"Well, you have to trade Feebas, after giving it the scale, for it to evolve," Cheren explained. "Don't worry though, once I get my third badge, you can trade Feebas to me," he said. "Then I'll give it back, of course," he explained.

"Why specifically after the third gym?" Wade asked.

"Well, if you're a Gym Challenger, you need a certain amount of badges to do certain things. For instance, I cannot trade pokemon with anybody until I've got my third badge," Cheren said. "It's a weird rule, since if you aren't a Gym Challenger, you can trade as long as you've got the paperwork…"

"So I'm gonna be waiting until I can see a Milotic?" Wade asked.

"Yup," White said.

"Fuck," Wade hunched over before shrugging.

"Meh, I'm in no rush," Wade chucked Feebas' Pokeball, and the fish shortly materialized before him. Despite not having water to swim in, Feebas seemed to be doing fine, and was even floating above the ground. "So, I guess I'm your new trainer now, Feebas. Nice to meet ya, and I'm looking forward to working with you… hopefully we'll be good friends."

Wade offered his hand to the fish, who happily jumped at having her scales rubbed. "You were cheap because nobody wants ya, right?" Wade chuckled. "Because if nobody wants you, then they're damn stupid."

"Well, Milotic are pretty rare. Not because of Feebas being rare, but because of how hard it is to evolve them. The only reliable way with a Prism Scale and those are usually hard to come by," Cheren then shrugged. "I personally think the work for Milotic would be worth it, but I plan on going with Oshawatt when I choose my starter."

The group walked around the pens a bit more until they eventually came to a lone Girafarig with a collar. Its price was marked as 'free,' but nobody seemed to be batting an eye at it. "Don't even bother with it guys," Cheren said. "I heard that that thing's tail can turn on

you at any moment. And to top it all, Girafarig isn't that good for battling."

"Knowitall," Bianca teased.

Wade and White noticed just how sad Girafarig looked. The tail seemed to have a dead expression on its face, like it barely even registered that it existed to begin with. So, despite Cheren's hesistence, the group walked over to where Girafarig was. Despite being 'based' on a giraffe, Girafarig barely came up to Wade's stomach. The pen's fence was still low enough for the pokemon to rest its head on at least.

"We can't just leave him behind! Look how sad he looks!" White said.

"Well, what are we going to do? None of us can legally keep it except for Wade and he already has two pokemon," Cheren said.

Wade took his Pokedex out and scanned the giraffe with it. "Yo, he knows Baton Pass, Nasty Plot, Toxic, and Protect… and holy fuck, he can learn a lot of moves," Wade's grin got huge. "Y'know, Girafarig might not be the toughest pokemon in the world, but you can't deny the versatility. He can very easily help set up, play defense, or go offensive if needed," Wade put his Pokdex away and knelt down.

"Heya Girafarig," Wade placed a hang on the pokemon's snout, who leaned into the palm. "Where's the guy who's supposed to be sellin' ya?" He asked. Girafarig looked confused and gave what looked like a shrug. Wade then noticed that Girafarig's neck had a Pokeball strapped to it. Wade reached took it with little to no protest from the giraffe. "I… guess you're mine now?" Wade asked.

"I got no clue if it's legal for me to just take this guy. Sure, it says he's free, but is there anything I have to sign first?" Wade asked.

Houndour nudged his trainer and hopped over the fence. Girafarig held still while Houndour began to point out pokemon's physical heath. It looked like nobody even bothered to feed the poor thing. He wasn't completely starved, but just about anyone could begin to

see Girafarig's ribs. Wade pinched his temples before sighing. "Y'know what? Fuck the legality of what I'm about to do, I ain't letting you starve."

Wade then put the giraffe in its Pokeball and turned to the kids. "I know it's been… maybe an hour?" Cheren checked his watch.

"It's about to be noon… oh well. It was going to get too crowded to enjoy anyways," Cheren shrugged. "I still don't think you should keep Girafarig once he's fed. Sure, he might seem versatile, but there's better options," the young man pointed out.

"Well, I'm at least going to leave him in Juniper's care. The poor fella at least deserves to have somebody care for him. Plus the head on the tail might not be too troublesome… and hey, I can technically be his trainer, but ask Aurea to take care of him. I'll still probably keep him with me once he isn't a walking skeleton. It's wrong to call myself his trainer and then basically leave him."

Cheren shrugged. "Suit yourself."

None of them noticed a pale man with waist length hair watching them. He had his hair done in a ponytail. "Disgusting. Buying pokemon like they're objects..."

The group began to make their way out, Wade had noticed that more booths had started to pop up, now where there were probably three or four in a row, six or seven had popped up per row. One salesman, who had multiple wares waved at the group. "Hey you! The guy with the Houndour, c'mere!"

Wade obliged, after handing Girafarig's pokeball to White, telling her that he'll catch up, and walked up to the merchant. "Is there something you want from me?" Wade asked.

"Well, I've caught an eye on your... unique Houndour. He's a Shiny Pokemon, ain't he?" As the merchant asked that, Houndour's coat began to sparkle. "He is! Now, surely you must know how hard it is to find a shiny pokemon, and how valuable they can be. I want to buy that Houndour off of ya for... 100,000UPD."

Wade's jaw dropped at what he assumed was a large amount of money. He looked to Houndour, who's eyes were also wide, and back at the merchant. "How can I be sure that you'll take care of him afterwards? Because... not only did I spend time looking for a Houndour like this one, but also he's my best friend," Wade asked.

"Well, I can take good care of him! I'll take damn good care of him. Just take my offer and you'll be rich!"

"You're just gonna resell him for triple, quadruple, quintuple the price of what you'll be paying for Houndour right now." Wade knelt down and picked Houndour up. The dog looked genuinely concerned about being a few seconds away from being sold off... after he bonded with his trainer, loved his trainer, and even declared Wade as a pack member. "We're gonna go home, bud. Money's tempting, but I ain't putting a price on you."

Wade then ignored the merchant's colorful and friendly remarks as he walked home.

By the time Wade had finally gotten back to the lab, noon had hit, and Professor Juniper wad waiting in the lobby for him(she definitely wasn't texted about the children's early return, and Wade's late return). "So, how was the marketplace?" She asked. White, Cheren, and Wade were waiting with her.

"Well, Wade used a couple more words we don't really know. Like 'fuck'." White said. The professor shot Wade a glare. "We also got a few souvenirs and Wade got a Feebas," Cheren added "And Wade picked up a Girafarig for some reason." Cheren then handed Wade Girafarig's Pokeball.

"Well, in all fairness, the second pokemon I bought was free, and he was probably left in his pen for a few days... nobody fed him either," Wade tossed one of the new Pokeballs in bis pockets, and Girafarig's form began to materialize. The pokemon greeted Houndour, before walking up to Wade. "Say, how about we get some food in ya?" Wade also let Feebas out.

"Well, I'll get some food ready for them… Wade, I know your opinion about the League Branded stuff, but I'm going to mix some into

Girafarig's food. He needs the extra food," the Professor said.

"I don't mind, I just don't want Girafarig to starve," Wade said. Aurea then glared at him. "Also I know, don't be such a sailor around the kids." Juniper was happy with that and went off, likely to get pokemon food.

"What does that mean?" Bianca asked.

"You'll learn when you're older," Wade waved off.

It hasn't even been three days, and now Wade has two pokemon… albeit the third one was probably going to be temporary, but he had a third one. "So Girafarig," Wade knelt down beside his new partner.

"So, I might end up leaving you here in the lab. I'm not even sure if I'm legally your trainer, but I'm going to ask Juniper about if we can get her to take care of you. Does that sound better than being locked up in a pen all day?"

Girafarig happily nodded.

"Well buddy, I best let you eat. I can tell you're hungry," Wade said. Professor Juniper set a bowl in front of the giraffe and another in front of Feebas. "Now just eat nice and slowly, you gotta get your body used to having food in it again." Girafarig scarfed his meal down in a couple of minutes despite his trainer's instruction.

Girafarig threw up.

A/N:

So, I decided to add two pokemon into the story, even if one of them is definitely gonna be put to the side. Don't worry, I'm not gonna essentially give Wade a team of three so soon.

Also sorry about the slightly longer than usual wait. I tried to write last night, but i had a pretty bad headache. Also don't expect daily uploads, I just wanna get these first 10 chapters out to give people a feel for this story. From there, I'll try to post once a week(or multiple times a week. It just depends on what I'm feeling).

Just the Pokemon

Wade looked himself over in the mirror and shrugged. "I can't really dress up… maybe I shoulda bought a change of clothes. What do you think, Houndour?" He asked. The canine shrugged, he didn't get why humans wore clothing, since he had no need for it. It might be because silly humans get scared about showing their bodies off, which was also stupid to the Houndour. He didn't care if a female were looking over his private regions. Wade was getting worked up over nothing.

On the nightstand, Wade now had a decently sized fish tank, where Feebas was floating around. "What do you think, girl? You think the Professor's gonna be happy with me looking like this?" Feebas nodded at her trainer's question. She thought that Wade looked fine, albeit she wasn't human, and probably wasn't the best judge on how attracted a human female would be to her human.

"Wade's stressing too much about how he looks for a date. And too worried about what he's wearing to the date," Houndour sighed. "I'll never get you, Wade."

"Well, Wade is potentially getting a mate right? If clothing is a way to impress the Professor, then he should care about what he's wearing," Feebas said. "Though I will agree, he's worrying too much. There's no way his date's going to kill him, unless Professor Juniper is secretly a murderer, the worse that could happen is that he gets turned down. Though that would still probably sting," the fish shook her body, as she didn't actually have a neck.

"Sweet Arceus I can't wait to evolve… I'll have a neck," she giggled.

"Oh trust me, I wanna evolve too," Houndour mentally took note of how Wade had left his room's door open. Both he and Feebas's trainer just left for his date. It was likely so they could leave if they wanted to, without being cooped up in a room. He'd have to thank Wade for at least thinking about that before he left.

"So, how does it feel to be sold to Wade, like you're property?"

Houndour asked.

"I don't care that much. I'm just happy to have a trainer, plus Wade knows exactly where to rub my scales… it sure beats sitting in a crowded pool with Feebas and Magikarp though… god are Magikarp stupid. One slammed its face into the side constantly and ended up with a concussion."

"So, how did you meet Wade? You're very clearly his starter. I saw how he was wrestling with you like he himself was a Houndour. So it must be interesting," Feebas asked.

"Well, I met Wade a couple days ago. This is the fourth day that I've been Wade's pokemon. I… kind of just started existing when Wade arrived, and I don't know how to feel about that. I have no parents, no origins, nothing. I simply knew that I existed, and now I was this grown man's dog. Despite how much I opposed Wade when I first met him, I love him now… it feels weird as to how quickly I started loving him, but he just treats me so nicely."

Feebas raised an eyebrow that she didn't have. "What do you mean by… just started to exist? Are you a clone?" Feebas asked.

"No. If I recall correctly, Wade said he's not from this world. And I met a trainer that smelled like him, who captured me. Next thing I know, I see a guy who smells like alcohol named Wade, and then me and Wade quickly become friends. I don't even know how mine and Wade's situation, or fully understand it. I'm just happy to have a trainer that loved me."

Feebas shrugged and decided to leave it at that.

"So, want to check up on Girafarig? From what I could hear, that guy wasn't doing too hot," Feebas asked.

"Yeah, I'm kinda worried about the poor guy. He's kinda… thin. He also looked and smelled malnourished," Houndour said.

"You canine-like pokemon and your sense of smell will always amaze me," Feebas said.

"And when you evolve, I'm pretty sure you'll be leaving me

speechless," Houndour slyly grinned. "Who knows, we might even mate," he joked.

"Get your mind out of the gutter… we literally can't even breed," Feebas giggled at the weird, probably freakish offspring they would have if they could mate.

After Houndour dried Feebas a bit(so she wouldn't leave a trail of water droplets), the two of them headed out of the room. Much to their surprise, Girafarig was standing in the hallway, sniffing the ground, like he was looking for something. Houndour barked to get the giraffe's attention. "Shouldn't you be in bed? Last I heard, Juniper and Wade were trying to ease you into being able to eat full meals again," Houndour asked.

"Well, I wanted to see Wade. He's pretty nice, and I want to thank him for saving me from… my fate. Do you guys know where he is? My sense of smell is a bit off because of my current situation," Girafarig asked. "Plus I just want him to rub my muzzle again, it felt nice," he added.

"Well, for your information, you too Feebas, Wade was my trainer first. That means I get scratches, belly rubs, muzzle rubs and massages first!" He declared.

"You're such a child, Houndour," Feebas said.

"Yeah, but I'm only a year and a half old, and this baby says that Wade is his!" Houndour regained his composure rather quickly. "Anyways, Wade and Juniper, the woman that's helping you, went out for dinner. I think Wade wants to mate with Juniper, and Juniper seems attracted to him too. She even lets Wade call her by her first name."

"Humans have too many names. They have a first, sometimes a middle, a last, and sometimes another last name," Feebas deadpanned. "Just be happy with being called by one name." Both Houndour and Girafarig fully agreed with that sentiment.

"So, what are Wade's plans with me? He said he wants to leave me here with his girlfriend until I'm not a skin bag full of bones and

organs. But has he said anything about taking me on his adventures?" Girafarig asked.

"Nope. He talks about how he's concerned about you, and even leaves the room just to find you. I'm jealous of that, by the way. What does he do with you when he goes to see you?" Houndour asked.

"Wade plays 'grab face' with me, where he covers my face with his hand, and pets me. Then I try to nip bite him. He's been kind of interested in my tail," Girafarig wagged his tail, which looked mildly irritated at being jostled a bit. "He even decided to dub my tail 'Chain Chomp' for some reason. That's pretty much all we do when he comes to visit me; he doesn't want me to exert too much energy since my body barely has any to waste of playing right now."

"That son of a bitch!" Houndour growled. "Playing 'grab face' was a sacred thing he did with me!" Houbdour grumbled while Feebas giggled.

"You really do get jealous too easily, Houndour. Wade loves you, but I think he doesn't want to leave Girafarig or me out, though he seems a bit hesitant in wanting to play with me," Feebas shrugged. "It could be because he doesn't even know what we Feebas like to play. Once I evolve, I hope to gain the ability to communicate with Wade, it would make things easier for all of us. I can translate anything to him, and he'll understand."

"I already know how to do that, but I haven't yet. I don't know how Wade will react to me being able to communicate with him. Though it would be nice to be able to voice my desires to travel with him," Girafarig shrugged. "I'll just let him know next time he comes to visit me."

"What are you three doing?" The three pokemon turned and saw White standing with her hands on her hips. "Girafarig, go back to your room and sleep. I'll pour you a bowl of food when I get these two back in Wade's room," White knelt down and patted Houndour on the head. "Can you go back to Wade's room? I know he probably wanted to let you explore the lab, but you could get hurt. You wouldn't want to see how Wade would react to that, would you?"

Houndour groaned. "Dammit kid, you know how to make a good bargin," Houndour licked White before turning around. "C'mon you two, we're gonna stay in Wade's room," he said. Before Girafarig could protest, Feebas gave the Giraffe a nudge. "You want to express how you feel about wanting to be Wade's pokemon, so you're going to sleep in his room, but you're getting the pokemon bed. Sleeping on the bed with Wade is off limits…"

"In other words, he doesn't want Wade to split the cuddles between him and another pokemon," Feebas giggled. "If Wade went and bought the Alolan Vulpix he saw at the marketplace, you'd be giving them hell, wouldn't you?" Feebas asked. "Because not only are they adorable, but they were also pups. And canine-like," Feebas grinned when Houndour began to look fearful.

"If Wade bought one of those things, I'd gut him. He should know that I'm his pokemon, and he shouldn't get more than you and Girafarig. It's already tough that I need to share a massage with Girafarig, and once you evolve, you as well, Feebas," Houndour said.

"Don't worry, those are all yours for the taking.

White surely wintered the room, teasingly scolded Girafarig for 'breaking out of containment' for Wade's room, and had brought the pokemon food. It was the cheapo-league branded stuff, which Houndour actually kind of liked. Feebas was handed hers crushed up and sprinkled into her tank, which was better for the fish. Girafarig's portion was small, but it was likely apart of the therapy he was being put under.

"Don't throw up this time, Girafarig! Professor Juniper's assistant did not look amused when you did yesterday!" White teased, not fully understanding why the giraffe couldn't stomach a meal. Apparently Wade and Juniper knew, but hadn't yet told her or her friends. It was likely a 'wait until you're older' thing that she kept on getting. She couldn't wait to grow up, then she'll be able to be told all the 'until you're older' stuff.

White petted all three pokemon before leaving the room, but still kept the room open. Houndour and Girafarig curled up on their

respective beds, and dozed off. Meanwhile, Feebas was thinking about how she was apparently the eldest of their trio. "I'll probably have to watch over these two. I know Houndour's age, and I can assume Girafarig Isn't much older either. Hope the poor guy isn't scarred by what happened to him," she mused.

A few hours later, Wade came inside the room, and Houndour could easily hear Juniper giggling at a joke Wade probably told her. He sat up and stretched as he had' conveniently' ended up in Wade's personal space. "Hey bud, you weren't bored to death waiting for me, were you?" He yelped when Houndour nipped him.

"What was that for?" Wade slowly turned around to see Girafarig's sleeping form in the pokemon bed. "Did he tell you about how I was playing with him?" He asked. Houndour nodded before licking the spot he just nipped. "Bud, just because I play with another pokemon, it's not the end of the world. You'll always be my Houndour, you're my best friend. You shouldn't be jealous when I say… give Feebas some affection."

Wade chuckled. "Don't worry, I'll buy a frisbee and we'll play fetch. It'll just be me and you sort of thing." Houndour was happy with that peace offering. He then placed himself in Wade's lap, and fell asleep.

Wade's mood could not be any better. Not only did Aurea agree to another date, but she laughed at all of his jokes while they ate dinner. Despite the professor's insistence on drinking some wine, Wade only asked for a soft drink. He already had a bad experience with alcohol he'd excuse, and the Professor didn't push him further.

Professor Juniper, likely knowing that Wade couldn't dress up in anything fancy, took them to a simple bar where the food was pretty good. Albeit a bit greasy, but not too greasy. The professor wore a simple, blue dress(Wade could guess her favorite color was blue), and wore some high heels. Her hair was done in a ponytail as opposed to the usual bun o. Needless to say, Wade found her to be pretty.

This was the first girl Wade was dating, a nerdy girl, who happily nerded out over stuff Wade had no idea was. For instance, the

Mystery Dungeon-esk TV show was the Professor's favorite show, and she gushed over how good the story was, and even some theories of her own. Wade felt like he had given her his full attention. He simply couldn't have given any less with how interested she was in that show.

He actually had a chance. 'I really hope this isn't a hangover or anything. I want this to be real.' Wade patted the sleeping canine in his lap. "I get the best pets, a pretty girlfriend, and I get to just explore and travel across the land? While being able to live the dream of the pokemon master 12 year old me had all the time?" He sighed.

"If I wake up in a hospital bed, then I'm jumping out the window. If this is what the afterlife is, then I would rather be dead." Wade gently moved Houndour aside, making sure the pup was still asleep, and wrapped a blanket around the canine. Sure, Houndour definitely didn't need the extra heat, but it put Wade's mind at rest.

Wade checked in on Feebas, who was happy to see her trainer, but was too sleepy to get out of the fish tank. So he went and sat in the pokemon bed, where he found Girafarig sleeping, or where he was sleeping. Girafarig had woken up after feeling the young man get in his personal bubble. Without hesitation, the giraffe climbed onto the man's lap.

"Great, I got a 90 pound lap horse, but the actual dog I have is only 23 pounds," Wade chuckled as he began to pet the giraffe in his arms. "So, how're you stomaching the food White brought ya?"

"Well, I can keep it down now. Probably not a proper meal yet, but I can stomach a snack," Girafarig said. He used his telepathy to relay what he had said, which made Wade just raise an eyebrow.

"Well then, I didn't expect to be experiencing telepathy so soon," Wade chuckled. He was too tired to question why or how. "Man this is cool." He looked Girafarig in the eyes, before looking serious. "So, you wanna tell me something, eh? You wouldn't show that you've got telepathy now, unless you had something you wanted to tell me," Wade said.

"Well, I would like to travel with you. I know you said you wanted to let Juniper take care of me, which I'll be happy with, I want to explore this region. I'm tired of sitting around all day," Girafarig said.

"Well, I could let you travel with me after a couple weeks of me heading out. I want Juniper to make sure you are a-okay before I have you walking around outside. I want to make sure you'll be able to run away or fight back if things start going south. So I'll leave you with Juniper for a week or so, and if you wanna travel with me, you can. Only after that first week's up."

"I'll accept that. Though, I can recover quite quickly from starvation, so I don't know why you'd want to keep me from traveling for a week."

"It's nothing against you, it's why I don't want to get into gym battling. It's fun and all, but I won't be able to have fun watching you, Houndour, or Feebas get beaten to a pulp before my eyes. Especially when I know when I threw you guys in the meat grinder to begin with. In other-words, a peace of mind. " Wade said.

"We can take a beating, you know."

"And I can't stomach, seeing you guys, taking said beating."

"Fair," Girafarig shrugged. He couldn't argue with that, plus he really didn't mind not having to battle.

"We will be training a lot despite that though. I've… got a hunch, and if that hunch is right, then we're gonna wanna be strong. We need to be able to defend ourselves if my hunch is spot on. So you think you can handle it?" Wade asked.

"Of course. I know that we should prepare for the worse," Girafarig answered.

"God, having a conversation with you is gonna take getting used to," Wade and Girafarig chuckled at that. "Well, let's hit the way, you need the rest, Girafarig." Girafarig let Wade up to perform his pre-bedtime routine, and went to sleep.

Similar Issues

Wade had decided to spend, much to Houndour's expense, to stay in his room all day for the next few days. He now had to read two books about Feebas and Girafarig, and read up on the rules of being a pokemon trainer. Turns out that the diets of both of his new team members were pretty straight forward. Feebas was an omnivore, much like the Houndour line, but had a preference for meat, Girafarig was also an omnivore, but only in rare(dire) situations did they eat meat. So Wade figured that he should find a book on pokemon food recipes.

Perhaps he could get Aurea to lend him a book if she had one lying around.

'The Dos and Don'ts of Being a Pokemon Trainer' was a book that Wade took heavy interest in. Sure, he wasn't a lab trainer, but he was still technically a trainer. One of the first things went into the legality of even having a pokemon. For starters, you have to be 10 years or older to legally have a pokemon; anybody younger is likely being lent their parents' pokemon. "So that's why White couldn't take Girafarig," Wade mused as he glanced over at the giraffe.

Girafarig was doing much, much better than when Wade had first picked him up. For instance, Girafarig could now stomach much more food, Wade thought it'd take an animal a little longer to make as much progress as Girafarig, without throwing up his meals. "Say Girafarig, instead of being my pokemon, how'd you like to be with White? She'd probably love having two pokemon at the start of her journey," Wade asked. Girafarig's ear flicked in acknowledgement. "C'mon, I know you've got telepathy."

"Well, I wouldn't mind having to travel with that girl. I like her. As long as I'm not cooped up in a pen, or in a room for the rest of my life, I'm happy… is there a condition?" Girafarig asked. "Well, White's gotta turn ten. Next, I'm going to still be your trainer for a week after we head off on said journey, just to make sure Juniper 'oks' you being able to move around. Other than that, not really. I

just don't think I could care for three pokemon on the road just yet. I'm a bit new to the whole thing, it's nothing against you."

"I get it. Though how would a child be any better than you at taking care of more than one pokemon?" Girafarig asked.

"Eh, probably has to do with how White's been living in this world all her life, and I haven't," Wade said rather casually. He didn't see a problem with letting his pokemon know of his situation; they couldn't tell anybody and they'd probably be willing to keep a secret… until he realized that Girafarig could very easily communicate with people. "You won't tell anybody what I'm about to tell you, right?" Wade asked.

"Well, if it's a sore subject, then I won't fib. It's not my place to anybody anyways. So about White living in this world her whole life," Girafarig said.

"I… I don't know what Houndour told you or Feebas, but basically I'm an alien. If… your definition of alien means from a completely different universe with different rules, no pokemon, and certainly none of this 'travel across the region and find yourself' bullshit. Let's just say if you were alive in my world, you'd be a lot less intelligent, and you'd just be a giraffe. I don't have the slightest clue as to how I can raise you, let alone Feebas and Houndour at the same time. I could read a book on how to do so, but that's different from actually being able to do what the book tells you."

Girafarig shrugged. "Well, despite you being… a foreigner, I don't mind if you fumble with raising me. It's a matter of physically getting us active, maybe a few sparring matches, and feeding us, right?" He asked. "Because I think that's all it's going to take to raise us. Then you just got to encourage us and say you're proud. That's all we really seek from our trainers once we get a trainer. We try to make them proud," Girafarig added.

"That last bit seems a bit unhealthy."

"Well, you feed and care for us. The least we can do is give it our all for you, right?"

Wade nodded and returned to his book. "I'll read this up, and we'll head out and find somewhere to train… except you Girafarig. You can come, but I don't want you doing anything that can stop you from recovering from being starved," he said. Girafarig nodded.

"That's fair. I can easily train my telekinesis and psychic powers," he said.

"Say, if you can use telekinesis, why wouldn't you just hold somebody down and pelt them with attacks?" Wade asked.

"Well… I never thought about doing that. It seems a bit unfair too, like giving your opponent no chance to fight back. That doesn't seem right to me," Girafarig said.

"Well, we likely won't be taking fights that are fought fairly. Since if I'm right, we'll be fighting actual criminals who want to kill us. So if I end up not giving you to White, I want you to get into that habit. Any fights where we're fighting somebody like I just described, then we won't be playing fairly. I've got a Houndour for fuck's sake," Wade chuckled. "We won't be fighting like scumbags in friendly matches though, don't worry," he amended.

Houndour and Feebas just stared at Wade, wondering what he meant by what he just said. "Alright so, essentially we're going to learn how to fight normally, just in case somebody wants to have a friendly match with us. But we'll also be learning a bunch of backhanded tactics like holding an opponent down with telekinesis and beating the shit out of them," Wade explained. Both canine and fish nodded(or bobbed up and down in Feebas's case). "And we'll only be using those backhanded tactics if we're fighting criminals. Those sorts of people don't deserve to have a fair fight."

"It's why I want to try and get a Porygon 2 or even a Cottonee. If my limited experience in cheesy strats tells me anything, then a Cottonee can be devastatingly broken… I want an Aron," Wade chuckled. "God I'm terrible. I'm thinking of so many backhanded strategies for when we get into trouble."

Wade continued to read the 'Dos and Don'ts of Being a Pokemon Trainer' and skimmed past the first page. It was just general stuff

about how to catch pokemon, how you can't catch another trainer's pokemon, and the stuff he had picked up from just playing Pokemon Sun back in 2017. Needless to say, the first page wasn't that helpful. What was surprising was how much more useful the second page was. It talked a bit about specializing in a single type, as it's much easier to do than training a variety of pokemon. Apparently more skilled or talented trainers have zero issues with training pokemon of different types.

The book also suggested working with pokemon of similar body types, such as quadrupeds, Bipeds, canine-like, fish-like, bird-like, or whatever. Apparently it was easier to train pokemon that share body types than one biped and one quadruped. Wade figured that made some sense. For starters, you don't have to worry about what moves a pokemon can learn if they're all fire type. And you don't need to worry about how to physically train a pokemon if you've got experience with their specific body type. It was relatively useful as it dived into how to work with said body types, the subgroups, how to work with each body type and whatnot.

It also gave a general description for how pokemon behave. As it turned out, just having Girafarig running in a field, wrestling with Houndour, or even letting Feebas swim in an ocean was good for them. Especially if you joined in on their fun, like racing Girafarig or swimming with Feebas. Eitherway it gave wade a few ideas for when he begin to train his pokemon tomorrow.

Wade, while knowing he likely wouldn't be keeping Girafarig as his pokemon, wanted to make sure the giraffe was powerful. After all, Girafarig was more tjan likely going to go to White after she chose her starter. If he kept Girafarig, then he'll end up with a strong pokemon. If he doesn't, then White and her friends gets a bodyguard. So it was a win-win situation in his eyes. Now came the difficult part, which would actually be training them.

Before Wade knew it, the day was over, and he was fast asleep. After(sleeplessly) thinking things over, he figured that he should hold off on evolving Feebas once Cheren gets the third gym badge. He wanted to see if Professor Juniper can help out with evolving Feebas into a Milotic and surprise everyone when he does. Plus it'll draw less attention if he were to have a Feebas than a Milotic. Wade

knew he was probably going to be a nobody in this world, and he was fine with that.

"Beats having assist a vet in castration," Wade cringed at the image before holding Houndour closer to his face. Next thing he knew it, he was fast asleep. His subconscious quickly figured out that a nice, somewhat small, warm canine was good for sleeping with. If was like constantly sleeping with a heated bed, but that heated bed tended to shift a bit in your sleep.

The next day, Houndour was excited to get out of the room, and finally run around in a field like he wanted to. Feebas floated at head height with her trainer, while Girafarig followed behind Wade. Much to Wade's protests(he knew Girafarig was as smart as him. Which made Girafarig much like Houndour or Feebas: equals). Wade took note of where he was standing around and patted Houndour on the head.

"Can you shoot a Flamethrower in the sky and see how long you can hold it?" Wade asked. Houndour tilted his head in confusion, which Wade didn't waste a heartbeat in calling Houndour cute, much to his pokemon's wounded pride. "Well, I that boo I read said that a way to gauge Fire Type pokemon's strength is by seeing how long they can hold their fire. I don't know how far a Flamethrower can go, but I don't wanna risk burning a tree down. Because then somebody will get mad and put us in jail."

Houndour nodded before doing what was asked. Wade quickly began to count how long Houndour was holding his fire until a minute passed. Much to his surprise, Houndour made it through the full minute despite being winded from it. "Alright…" Wade pulled out a book and ran his finger along each page until he found the one he was looking for.

"One minute for a pre-evolve Fire Type… hey Houndour, you're apparently average in terms of 'Fire Output' apparently," Wade went up and picked up the tired canine and held him for a bit. Despite how tired Houndour was, it looked like he took some pride in being able to hold a Flamethrower for as long as he did. "Well bud, take a breather while I try to gauge Feebas…" he set Houndour down beside him and turned to the fish.

Feebas then began to look a bit sheepish. "Can you at least try to hold a Water Gun for as long as you can?" Wade asked. Feebas shook her head and Wade scratched his head. "Oh right! I can scan you using the Pokedex," Wade promptly did so and shrugged. "Most of the moves you can learn on only with a TM and you've got splash, tackle, and Flail. That's not too big of a deal, since I think any training you'll have now will be null and void."

"And it's not because you're a Feebas, Feebas. It's because when you evolve, you'll go from a fish, to a 20ft snake? Serpent? Well, essentially you'll be an entirely different beast when you evolve, which means any physical training you might get now, might screw you over when you become a Milotic," Wade patted Feebas on the head. "Hey, don't start looking sad on me. It's not that big of a deal if we can't gauge how strong you are right now."

Feebas nodded and cringed when Wade brought her into a hug. "Houndour, how do you enjoy… this?" The fish asked.

"Well, it feels nice. Why do you hate being hugged?"

"I… it actually does feel kind of nice. Though I don't know why he decided to hug me right now. I am so weak that I can't even be gauged in terms of strength."

"Well, you did look a bit upset by this realization… wait, if you actually like being hugged now, then that means I get less of those!" Houndour yelped in realization and immediately tried to get Wade's attention, due to the yelp, it worked pretty quickly.

"What's up bud? Did you manage to hurt yourself while laying flat on the ground?" Wade patted Houndour. "Or are ya jealous?" Houndour began to pout after being so easily called out. Well, Houndour would've kept pouting if the canine wasn't also pulled into his trainer's embrace. "Yo Girafarig! What the actual hell?"

Girafarig was currently floating for no discernible reason. It was like the giraffe just decided to think 'I want to be a bird today' and decided to fly. "I'm just using telekinesis. You're not a psychic, so you can't see the light blue aura that's surrounding me. It's a simple exercise I've seen other Psychic types doing…you gotta be able to

mentally hold your own weight for extended periods of time."

"You seem to know a bit about how to train yourself," Feebas remarked.

"Well, when nobody wants you, you've gotta make it so you're self sufficient. So that's what I did. Then when one day, I do get a trainer, like I did with Wade or potentially White, you can impress them with how surprisingly strong they are, and they won't toss you to the side for weakness," Girafarig said.

"That sounds like you've been through that sort of thing before," Houbdour said.

"I have. Three times so far. While I do like Wade and White, I won't make any bets on being able to stick with them for very long before they deem me as 'useless.' I'm just keeping my hopes in the dirt. You can't be disappointed if you heavily lower your expectations," Girafarig said. He had unknowingly used telepathy with Wade, who heard every single word being said.

"So much for thinking you were just some innocent giraffe that was just mistreated. Hey Girafarig, what's up with the whole being abandoned thrice thing? Because if you expect to be left behind by me, bringing that tally to four, then I don't know what to tell you. As far as my unqualified dumbass can tell, you're not weak, and you're not going anywhere. You aren't going to be tossed in the trash as soon as I find a more useful pokemon. We're on this damn ship together, and we're gonna stick to it."

Wade pinched his temples as sighed. "Yes, I might hand you off to White, but it's purely because I think she can raise you better than I can. I know what it's like to feel useless and unwanted, Girafarig. I know, it fuckin' sucks. There isn't much you can do other than keeping that head of yours high, and marching forward. If… you're feeling down, or think you'll end up abandoned again then c'mere," Wade extended his hand out to Girafarig and the giraffe walked forward. Wade patted Girafarig on the neck a couple times.

"Say, I think that's gonna be one strong neck. Giraffes usually use their necks to fight each other, so do you guys do the sane?" Wade

asked.

"Kinda… though only so we don't accidentally shred each other with telekinesis, poison and potentially kill each other," Girafarig answered.

"Y'know, that's pretty neat. When you're fully recovered, we'll get ya running. How does trying to outrun me sound?" Wade asked.

"Incredibly easy. You humans are slow."

"Figured, but it could be fun, right?" Wade asked.

"I suppose that could be fun. I want to see your face when I lap you," Girafarig said.

"Hey, I'm looking forward to it. Now lay down, I wanna see if the massages I usually give Houndour work on you. Just lay down, relax, and I'll try and work some magic on ya," Wade patted the Giraffe's back one he laid down. Houndour and Feebas had backed off and opted to play tag. With the former screaming, likely about Feebas being 30ft in the air.

"How do I know this won't hurt?" Girafarig asked.

"Worked in a pet store before I ended up here. Used to give animals massages all the time, so I'd say Imm competent at this." Then Wade began without warning. Much to the giraffe's surprise, it was very relaxing even if it started out a little rough…

His tail nipped Wade by accident.

A/N:

so I got asked about another story that I was 'supposed' to write. Essentially what I do is find a story idea i fall in love with, and begin writing. The story I was asked about is sitting on the back burner while I finish the two current stories I'm working on. Right now I'm loving this story, so I'm going to focus on this one.

anyways, tell me how you're feeling about this story now that 10 chapters are out. With chapter 11, things should start picking up speed, but no promises. I haven't spent much time with Cheren, White, or Bianca(or even Juniper/Aurea) and wanna flesh them out more.

Cooking With the Professor

Several days had passed, Wade solely focused on training his pokemon, while reading on ways to train Feebas up. Apparently the fish also knew how to use Tackle, meaning Houndour and Feebas can spar at the very least. This led to Wade having the two spar while also having them race each other around the lab's building for a few laps. Wade wasn't sure how well this was paying off, but he could tell it was at least doing something.

With each day, Houndour and Feebas could keep running for a little bit longer, while Houndour could now hold a Flamethrower for a minute and 10 seconds. It was an improvement, and he was happy with that. Wade also found a book in Juniper's Library that was filled with recipes for pokemon food. So whenever he wasn't coaching his pokemon, Wade found himself in the kitchen and testing the recipes out.

Houndour, much like a dog, would stick to his trainer like glue while his trainer worked in the kitchen. Wade found it a bit helpful, as Houndour could be a pretty good taste tester. So far Houndour seemed to really like 'Meat, Veggie, and Berry Medley' minus the berries. As it turned out, berries were pretty expensive, specifically Pokemon Berries.

A bunch of research later, and it turned out that Oran Berries, Sitrus Berries, and other berries that existed in the games(and existed in this world too) were specifically called Pokemon Berries. Pokemon really enjoyed them and the berries can be very beneficial, with Oran Berries being what is essentially a pain killer and a shot of caffeine. A Sitrus Berry straight up healed you, got a minor cut? A Sitrus Berry could probably heal it. Broken arm? eat a Sitrus Berry and it'll heal much, much faster. Some of these berries even made a pokemon faster or stronger.

What Wade also found interesting was that all Pokemon Berries plants share a common ancestor. This was especially interesting he asked Professor Juniper about this, who had happily explained to

him the Pokemon World's history of plant life. Juniper also took the liberty to explain how Pokemon split off from Animals approximately Three Billion and a half years ago back when they were single celled organisms… Pokemon Cells were entirely different from animal cells.

It was some good time with Juniper. Wade thought she was cute when she started to geek out over something science or biology related, and he got to learn something in the process. It turned out that the Professor was an excellent teacher, managing to make whatever she was telling Wade engaging, while also being interested in what she was talking about. The Professor even helped Wade get a feeling for cooking pretty quickly in a simple, fun way.

"Think of it like a puzzle, each ingredient goes together. It's just a matter of putting it together to get what you're cooking together," she would say. Wade, while not being good at solving puzzles, did enjoy doing them from time to time, so he took it to heart. While he did kind of burn the first few dishes, added a little too much of one thing, or simply undercooked something, he started picking up things here or there. For instance, Juniper told him that the Pokedex has a food thermometer in it. If only Wade knew about that before he almost fed Houndour undercooked meat. cooking vegetables came to Wade easily though as he just had to boil or steam them, which was simple enough.

Today, Wade finally made a dish that wasn't screwed up in some way. He fully expected it to be burnt, horribly overdone, or a little too much seasoning. Wade pulled a tray out of the oven to find that it wasn't overcooked, and stuck an actual food thermometer into it(he didn't want to stick his Pokedex in it. That would be horrible). It was the right temperature, he even took a bite to try it, and it wasn't terrible! It'd actually be pretty good if it didn't look like mush. He took a few spoonfuls and stuck them in Houndour's dish and did the same for Feebas. After that, Juniper turned the oven off and the stove off, and Wade portioned out a vegetable medley for Girafarig.

Wade set his pokemon's bowls in front of the corresponding animals, and they all began to eye their food, with Houndour giving it a sniff, Feebas simply began to eat, and Girafarig sniffed and scarfed down a chunk of a pickle.

"So, how does this taste? Chicken and Egg Medley… this book has a preference for mixing shit together and calling it 'medley.' If it tastes good to you, then I won't question it, but why is most of the recipes just taking a few things and mixing it?" Wade asked.

"Well, pokemon really don't mind if their food looks like… mush. They mostly care if it's tasty," Juniper chucked when Houndour paused for a moment after taking a bite, and quickly began to dig in. "So the cookbook is mostly about being simple, nutritious, easy to follow, without having to nail a presentation. Some of it's even good to just eat yourself." She nodded when Girafarig didn't complain about having the same dish.

"At least Girafarig seems to like the first vegetable medley in the book. Sometimes I might swap beans out for actual meat so that Girafarig can get the missing proteins that beans just don't have… unless I use soy beans right? I… I dunno," Wade pointed at the book. "I kinda get what each recipe is doing, but I don't think I can come up with anything on my own. I'm just happy that my pokemon won't be eating what is basically really healthy cereal." He shrugged. "And I guess I don't need to do anything more than regurgitate the same recipes for my pokemon."

"Well, I'm glad I could help you out, Wade. Since I think you should now know at least a few recipes for herbivorous and carnivorous pokemon food. Along with a few omnivorous meals in case you need to switch it up for health, or even if your pokemon wants to eat something that isn't the same dish a couple times a say."

"Yeah, though if recipes like these, and many online are simple and easy, why do people feed their pokemon the league branded trash?"

"Well, some trainers are lazy asses, and others are children who mainly know how to work a microwave at most. So the league then comes in and offers their pokemon food and even offers frozen food for trainers. There's even some grab and go MREs for when trainers are going on the road… I've had a few since I do go a few days where I don't have time to cook or wait for takeout. It's all pretty decent, but their pokemon food is a bit lacking…" Juniper shook her head. "Sure there is 'seasoning' for pokemon food, but it hardly helps in the flavor. Even if the pokemon themselves don't mind, I do,

and you do too. I…" Juniper took a deep breath, knowing she was about to get political.

"I'll be honest, the league's politicians kinda treat pokemon as an after thought. I mean, Pokemon League trainer food is actually on the same level as some restaurants, while the league branded pokemon food… in your words 'it's just really good, healthy cereal.' I'd say it's a bit messed up, and it's kind of why I support what Team Plasma is doing," Juniper said.

"I… wouldn't support Team Plasma. You know how pokemon is simply a franchise based on video games?" Wade asked.

"Yeah, I never got to ask you what was in those games."

"Well, I can tell you about them any time… but if what happens in the games happens here, then Team Plasma is a genuine threat. Some members are in it because they genuinely believe in pokemon being our equals, where others know the true purpose for Team Plasma is world domination. Team Plasma just wants to take people's pokemon, and then use their own pokemon to rule the world. That's what their leader wants at least, and they even got a hippy to cover up their actual plans," Wade explained.

"Well, I can at least agree with you on that. Team Plasma's means of spreading their morals, if those are their morals, a little violent. Like, leaving a trainer and pokemon-less beaten to a pulp, kind of violent. Though if those games do pretty much tell you the future, then that means you have an advantage. I can warn a few people I know in the league to have Team Plasma under watch. Then you can try to prepare and steer from danger."

Wade chuckled. "Uh, I think White or Cheren might just end up challenging the Champion at some point. N, their false leader, is probably gonna end up fighting them. This wouldn't be too big of a deal if it weren't for the fact that Reshiram or Zekrom get awoken. Oh… and I think a few people get crucified. God, the manga was fucked up."

"What now?" Juniper asked.

"Eh, don't mind that for now. It's just some franchise stuff," Wade yelped. "Houndour, if you wanted seconds you could just ask? Don't hit my shin with your bowl. Even if you're gentle, I'm a twig and a pussy. So please don't hit me with your bowl," Wade shook his head. Houndour dropped his bowl, after realizing he actually did hurt Wade, and immediately tried to comfort his trainer. Wade's heart melted when Houndour gave him puppy eyes.

"Don't worry buddy, I'm fine. I didn't get hurt that much. Just don't do that constantly, or I will get a permanent bruise on my shin, which won't be fun." Wade took the bowl from Houndour's jaws, filled it up with some more food(even stuck some of Girafarig's food in), and settled it down in front of Houndour. The canine licked his trainer's hand, walked around the bowl, and sat on his trainer's foot. Wade knew it kind of meant 'This human is mine' after studying dog behavior; he had to when working at a pet store as it made working with dogs when he had to help the vet with a check up.

"Least PetSmart was good for something," Wade chuckled as his Houndour began to dig into his meal. "Say Juniper, I want to ask you something. It's about this goal I came up with, and I want to know your opinion on it," Wade asked. The professor nodded after hanging up her apron. Underneath it was a simple, light blue shirt and a matching pair of tight fitting pants. While they were covered up by the apron, Wade couldn't help but appreciate how the pants accentuated Aurea's hips.

"So what's the goal you want to talk about?"

"Well… I was wondering about how easy it would be to change people's outlook on Houndour and Houndoom. I mean, my Houndour's just a big baby that only allows a select few to pet him. I've seen a few videos of Houndoom acting similarly, where none of the Houndoom were owned by 'professional' pokemon trainers. So something tells me that something's up. Back where I'm from, people would do anything to win even in a local video game tournament where there's no prize. I'd assume that people here would be willing to cheat or do some wack shit to their pokemon. I mean, remember that Houndoom that was a living skeleton that attacked her trainer?" Wade asked.

Juniper just nodded. "Are you saying that trainers are likely get attacked by their Houndoom because they had it coming to them?"

"Well, how often is it found that league trainers mistreat their pokemon?" Wade asked.

"Quite often actually…" Juniper's eyes widened. "I see what you're getting at, mister. You think that most of the Houndoom attacks are from Houndoom that are being mistreated, and you want to show everyone how nice they can be?" Juniper asked.

Wade pulled out his pokedex and quickly pulled up a video. "Remember this Houndoom?" Wade showed the professor a very familiar clip. It was the same one she had first shown Wade while explaining why Houndoom get such a bad reputation. "This, this is the same Houndoom," Wade pulled up another video where school children are playing with Houndoom. Even with her tail being pulled on, she never did anything more than give a warning growl to any of the children, and was pretty gentle. Juniper could tell that the Houndoom was actually having a good time, enjoying her new life. "She's a class pet for some trainer school in Johto. Heck, Houndour might've been staring at her a little too long."

This elicited a nip from said Houndour.

Juniper nodded. "I see… I can help you out with this goal, if that's what you're asking. There's quite a few trainers already trying to do what you want to do, so it seems feasible. I can ask trainer schools in various towns to let you give a lecture and showcase Houndour, or Houndoom once he evolved. Show'em that Houndoom as a species aren't the embodiment of evil put into a canine-like pokemon," she offered.

"You'd do that for me?" Wade asked. Houndour got off of his trainer's foot, anticipating what would happen next.

"Of course, but you have to be a bit more confident if you want to speak in front of children- oof!" Juniper was quickly pulled into a hug by Wade and she giggled.

"Thank you, Aurea!" Wade realized what he just did and backed off.

"Uh… sorry about that. I just got a bit excited… thank you for offering to help me out with my goal, as outlandish as it seems," he scratched the back of his head. "If you want, you can slap me in the face for getting in your personal space so suddenl-" Wade paused when Juniper planted a kiss on his lips.

"Wade, we're dating! You think I'm going to get mad at you for hugging me? I'm your girlfriend, you're my boyfriend. I just offered to help you out with something you seem passionate about. Otherwise you wouldn't have found that video of that starved Houndoom from the Hoenn league?" She put her hands on her hips. "I'm more than willing to help, and it's nice to see how excited you get about somebody lending a hand in what you want to do!"

Houndour snickered when he noticed how his trainer just froze in place. Wade was just blankly staring at Juniper, who had just noticed that she broke her boyfriend, and was trying to fix him. "I think Wade and Juniper are about to mate," he whispered to Feebas, who giggled.

"Well, they do seem like it, even if I can't exactly smell their hormones." Feebas said, noting how Juniper lightly slapped Wade in the face. This brought her poor trainer out of his stupor, and he scratched the back of his head.

"You know, I think Wade caught a nice female," Girafarig said. "She's more than willing to help Wade at a moment's notice, and Wade seems to love her. I'd give it a year or two before they're married with a kid on the way," he snickered. "If Wade doesn't become a statue each time Juniper shows him affection," he added. Professor Juniper then hugged Wade, and it looked a bit funny since Juniper was actually taller than Wade by a few inches. Their trainer was a midget.

"Well Wade, are you forgetting something?" Professor Juniper asked.

"Wha?"

"I just kissed you, so it's only fair that you kiss me in return," Juniper giggled when Wade began to process what she just asked. She then

paused when Wade kissed her, much like Wade had when she had done the same moments prior. To the professor's credit, she didn't remain frozen for long and grinned. "I wasn't actually expecting a kiss from you, but I'm not complaining either," she giggled. Wade's eyes flashed, like an idea came to mind. "What are you thinking about now? W-what are you?"

Juniper was now being held, bridal style, in Wade's arms. It looked like Wade was struggling a little bit to keep her lifted up, but seemed to be dead set in his resolve to hold a woman that was taller than he was. "Well… I'm holding you, what else am I…" he paused and looked to the kitchen door, which was open just a crack. White was sitting behind the door with a camera pointed at the two of them… she had just recorded the whole thing and uploaded it to the internet.

Wade cleared his throat and settled Juniper down, which was met with a kiss on his cheek. "That's for doing that out of nowhere," Aurea folded her arms.

"Sorry," Wade said.

"No worries, Wade. Wait, you didn't freeze up after I kissed you?"

Wade grinned. "I'm gaining immunity!" He yelped when Houndour nipped his foot.

Wade's Pokedex then started going off constantly while Juniper's phone was doing the same. Juniper's was about asking her who the mystery man was, while Wade's was telling him some very friendly things. "These guys want me to kill myself…" Wade shrugged. "I guess they don't like how I'm dating you?" Wade then began typing something, which Professor Juniper had seen while peeking over his shoulder.

"Well PokeGod 27, I do hate being alive, but I've got stuff to do and things to live for. Thank you for the advice though. I'll tell you how suicide works for me," was what Wade had just responded with.

"So now you gain some confidence?" Professor Juniper asked.

"Nah. I just got the coolest Houndour in the world, the prettiest scientist in the world, and the best pet fish anyone can ask for. And I've got a pet giraffe. Those are all things I've got to live for… and I know Houndour will protect me if PokeGod 27 wants to find and skin me," he looked down at Houndour. "Right, Houndour?" Wade asked. The canine barked and nodded. "I… should probably turn off notifications from the forums for a bit though. I want to be able to enjoy the rest of the week."

"Well, in about four days, White turns 10, and you'll be following her out of the lab… don't worry though. We'll have dinner a few days before then, and talk about dates. Distance isn't an issue, Gothetelle can teleport. So don't worry about planning a date out in correlation to the train station schedules," she said.

"I won't… maybe. Wait a second, teleportation?" Juniper giggled at Wade's sudden confusion.

"You've got a lot to learn, my dear.."

Tomorrow

Wade set down his book off to the side, he was sitting under the shade of a mighty oak tree, and simply smiled. Houndour was laying in his lap, even if the dog wasn't stoked about napping under the shade. It was far, far more comfortable to sleep on his trainer's lap while basking in sunlight, but he also wasn't complaining. Laying flat on the ground, who Wade had absent mindedly been scratching, was Feebas. Both pokemon had been training all day, with Feebas mostly trying to land a Tackle on Houndour, while Houndour worked on his aim with his fire.

"You know, I always thought that Houndour's flames would be more… painful after a fight," Feebas said. She then purred when Wade began to rub just under her flipper.

"Well, I don't want to actually hurt you, so I didn't use my actual fire. We're teammates, packmates, and I don't burn packmates. I will headbutt or nip them though," Houndour chuckled. "Besides, it would be pretty horrible of me if I were to burn you. Just morally, it's wrong to put you in such pain, and I'd hate to see you or anybody I love in pain. Wade would get mad, I'd betray you by burning you, and I…" Houndour yelped when Feebas hit him with a spray of water. It wasn't Water Gun, but Feebas could still spit and produce water.

"So you consider me a packmate already? It's been what? Three or four days since we met, and you already consider me a packmate?" Feebas asked.

"Of course! I'm the alpha and Wade is second in command. So that means if he approves of you, then surely you can't be that bad," Houndour chuckled. "I got attached to Wade within a few hours of meeting him… which either means I'm atypical for a Houndour, or that's just what it's like to have a pokemon trainer. I've got no clue, but I'm not going to complain either. I love Wade, plain and simple."

"Could you imagine if Wade knew what you were saying? I'm certain

that 'atypical' is not a word many would use that often. In fact, Wade's vocabulary is a bit… basic to say the least. I highly doubt he'd expect that from you given that you should approximately be the equivalent of a human toddler," Feebas commented.

Houndour simply laughed. "Wade would probably be too busy with hearing how I said I love him. Then he wouldn't let me forget that I said that, while he physically shows that he loves me back. Is it weird to wish Wade was a Houndour? We'd be brothers, we could actually wrestle. Playing with Wade is fun, but I can easily overpowered him, and Wade with his opposable thumbs is annoying! He strokes my chin or cheek mid wrestling match with it! He's suppose to be glaring at me and trying to fight back, not show me affection!"

"Wouldn't it be worse if Wade were a Houndour? Instead of stroking you mid wrestling match, he's probably gonna kiss you," Feebas giggled. "And then likely gush over how he loves you. I see how he stares at you for a couple minutes after he thinks you fell asleep," she smiled at the thought. "He looked at you so fondly even if he does seem a bit sad at times too. Like you remind him of something that hurts him."

"Wade said he had a dog before we ended up actually existing in this world. I think I probably remind Wade of said dog. I know he says he really hates where he's from, but I'm willing to bet that he missed his dog," Houndour said.

While Wade's pokemon were having a conversation under their traiber's nose, he was running through the pokemon league forums. Despite some of the friendlier comments; or people complaining about how Professor Juniper could do better(he agreed). It was pretty interesting to see what was going on in the world, other trainer's thoughts, or people going crazy over potentially seeing Cynthia in a bikini. People from this world weren't too different from people from his world. What caught Wade's interests were forums on specific pokemon. People had tons and tons of stuff to share about their pokemon regardless of which pokemon that forum was for.

Wade eventually found himself scrolling through a mega forum

about the Unova league. Apparently there were already a couple trainers that caught the public's eye. Ash and Trp weren't amongst them, Wade figured that Ash was lost somewhere and Trip probably hasn't been noticed yet. One trainer that caught his eye was named Failure.

For some reason, whoever the poor kid's parents were, named their kid Failure. Juniper said she sent somebody named Failure out recently, and apparently Failure mopped the floor with the first couple of gym leaders… albeit after the second gym match, there was footage of Failure standing out behind the Pokemon Center, hat off, with a shovel. He was obviously crying about something.

"Why couldn't it have been this stupid monkey that died?" Wade could hear, the voice was heavily with an Irish accent. He still thought that the kid sounded a lot like a youtuber he used to watch. And the kid's voice was way deeper than Wade would've expected out of a 10 year-old child. Failure looked a lot like Black, the male protagonist in Pokemon Black and White.

Forum comentors were coming up with all sorts of theories as to what Failure was doing. Some say he's insane. Failure was caught talking and laughing to himself, like he was talking to thousands of voices inside of his head. Others theorized that Failure's pokemon received injuries so severe that they couldn't be saved by the Pokemon Center.

There was a list of Failure's team:

Shitface, a Patrar.

Misery, a Pansear.

And Mistake, an Oshawott.

Apparently the internet was really good at knowing what pokemon was in your team. From the species of pokemon, to their abilities, moves. It was a little bit concerning, but Wade figured he'd never have that problem; he wasn't taking on gyms. Even if he wasn't partnered with a Houndour, which are apparently too aggressive for League Events, he wouldn't want to partake in the Gym Challenge.

Sure, being a strong trainer seemed promising. Wade knew what was coming, and he could breeze through that if he were even remotely decent at battling. It also made his job of keeping an eye on White and her friends easier. Though by the time they'd even get to the first gym, Wade knew he'd be outclassed. White, Cheren and Bianca should all eventually become very capable trainers.

White is supposed to become the champion while Cheren eventually becomes a gym leader. Both of which takes quite a bit of skill as trainers to be, albeit as a gym leader, you had to hold back quite a lot against new trainers. Wade knew he wouldn't be able to keep up with those two, and Bianca would still find some way to be able to easily walk through Wade and his team.

Luckily, Houndour and Feebas were already turning out to be pretty tough. Sure, Feebas wasn't very strong, but Wade couldn't fault her on that. According to the Pokedex, Feebas just weren't strong battlers, which made more novice trainers turn their noses on them. Once the fish evolved, she'd be a force of nature. Feebas, despite being one of the slowest pokemon in the games, was pretty quick. She managed to catch Houndour off guard a couple of times. Girafarig was appearing to be a capable esper as well, even if Wade decided to hand Girafarig off to White for a bit, as tomorrow was the big day…

Goodbye to that nice, warm bed.

Houndour was also turning out to be pretty strong. Not only did Houndour run circles around Wade himself, but also outmatched Wade and Feebas in physical strength. Sure, Wade wasn't sure what Houndour could lift pound per pound, but the pup was considerably powerful. Houndour's flame, when in what Wade assumed was 'real mode,' the dog burnt through solid rock. It also left a bit of an ooze on the charred rock.

Wade read in the games that Houndour and Houndoom had toxins that fueled their flames. Albeit, Wade wasn't sure if the games were fully trustable for his information in this world. But the ooze did seem like it would hurt if it made contact with bare flesh. So, instead of touching it like an idiot, Wade figured he should go have Professor Juniper have a look at the stuff later. She'd probably know what it

was, the woman was much smarter than he was, and it showed.

Juniper had a surprisingly vast skill range beyond just being a professor. Despite 'not having enough time to cook' she was pretty good at it, or Wade just loved spending time with her. Juniper also managed to completely floor Wade in chess, which likely meant she could strategize for better than he could; she was probably a trainer at some point. Juniper even tried to teach Wade some of her strategies in a pokemon battle, which Wade figured he would incorporate into his own style if he even had one. Juniper was a good teacher, having taught Wade some basic, but effective battling strategies, taught him how to cook, and even some on the field medical remedies.

Wade loved this woman.

"Say Houndour, there's a forum for canine-like pokemon," Wade received an annoyed look from Houndour, who was now trying to nap. The pup groaned and sat up so he could watch his trainer scroll through forums. As incredible as the Pokedex was, it lacked a touch screen, and moving through the forums with it was a bit clunky. Much like an an iPod had a dpad with a scroll wheel on it, which was fun to fidget with.

For typing, web browsing, or anything that wasn't scanning pokemon was a Nightmare to do. Wade had gotten faster at working with the scroll wheel, he grew up with an iPod, but still found the scroll wheel more tedious than a simple screen you could put inputs through by touching it. It turned out that you had to hold the middle button down to scroll up, or leave it released to scroll down while spinning the wheel.

Wade hated the Pokedex for that.

What Wade took note of, was how popular Growlithe were. The dogs were all over the place, with pokemon such as Rockruff coming in a very far second place of popularity in a poll that was taken a couple days ago. In fact, Growlithe were. More popular than Arcanine across households. They were small, warm, and friendly. Growlithe were also very protective and acted as a good defense for your house.

Surprisingly, Houndour were pretty common as well, but labeled as a shittier version of Growlithe. Houndour were more likely to be aggressive, horrible tempers, and just not very friendly apparently. Albeit, a small few were defending the species, that they were as loyal as a Ninetales when you gain their trust.

What was also pretty shocking was that Vulpix and Ninetales were quite unpopular; they weren't 'canine' enough apparently. Wade thought that was dumb, they're labelled as 'fox pokemon' which, as far as Wade knew, also canines. It turned out that Vulpix and, more specifically, Ninetales were pretty picky with who their trainer was. Any Ninetales however, were pretty good with small children. This led to quite a few 10 year olds waking up to a wild Ninetales sheltering them with their tails. The children who wake up to this sort of thing ended up leaving their camp with one more pokemon.

Oh the fright that must've come from that kind of awakening.

Wade stretched and yawned. "Well, you can go ahead and nap now, Houndour. I'm probably gonna join ya," Wade slipped his Pokedex in his pocket and laid down. Houndour was happy to note that he was now being held closely to Wade, and that his trainer finally found the true joy of taking a nap. That was good, his trainer was learning.

White giggled as Girafarig began to sniff at her shoulder. "That tickles, Girafarig! Please stop!" White patted the giraffe on the head and giggled again when she got licked in the face. Wade had opted to leave Girafarig with White, Cheren and Bianca for the day.

"He needs the rest, plus he likes ya. Just make sure he doesn't do too much rough housing," Wade instructed before he walked out of the door.

"I still don't get why you like Girafaig so much. Didn't his tail just try to bite you?" Cheren asked.

"Well, his tail isn't exactly sentient. It just does things, and I guess it decided that it should try to bite me. Luckily, Girafarig stopped it from doing so… who's a sweet boy?" White began to baby the giraffe. While it would've been demeaning, given how smart said giraffe was, Girafarig didn't really mind. It was kind of nice, since he

didn't need to prove his intelligence, to just be treated like a colt.

Girafarig bleated when White began to scratch him behind the ears. "Why must this kid be so damn good at ear scratching? I mean, I'm not complaining, why must you spoil me so? I still need to get used to Wade's mediocre pampering!" Girafarig grinned when White looked at him in shock. She had been laying up against the giraffe's side until he had chosen to use telepathy. "What? Were you not expecting me to be able to communicate?"

"No, it's just… that's really cool! Though I was just talking to you with a baby voice. Don't you pokemon ever get tired of being treated like babies? I sure wouldn't be happy, since that would be insulting towards my intelligence," White said.

"Why are you talking like Girafarig can speak?" Cheren's eyes then widened. "He used telepathy with you specifically didn't he?" White nofded. "God dammit, why does every single pokemon specifically love you?" Cheren asked.

"Well, she does know where to scratch. Also no, most pokemon don't care about how you speak to them. Houndour loves being babied, albeit he is a pup. I also like being babied, but it's because I like feeling like a colt. Also, please keep scratching my ear, White. It feels really nice," Girafarig decided to stop directing his telepathy to just white.

"Of course!" White then began to ask questions like "who's a good boy?" While continuing to pamper and groom the giraffe.

Bianca blinked before screaming about how she's going insane. Pokemon can apparently talk, and she never knew. Cheren and White chuckled at their friend's naivet. Girafarig also had a good laugh, but was too busy with White working her magic on him.

Professor Juniper patted an Oshawott. Before her sat the Unovan Water Starter, along with a Teppig and Snivy. These three pokemon were going to be what the three children would be picking from. White was likely going to get first pick, it was going to be her birthday. So the professor decided to take some time to make sure that the three were ready for their big day tomorrow.

"Just remember you three, make sure you bond with your trainers. I hope you three can begin to see them as family!" Juniper grinned when all three starters looked just as excited as the children to start their journey; they could finally get out of the lab. Sure, it was home, but it gets boring to just sit around. Having a trainer would mean seeing the world.

Having a trainer would mean they could make a name for themselves. A shot to the top, being the strongest pokemon that they could be. To have somebody to love, something to fight for. To live. That's what it meant for a pokemon to have a trainer. Tomorrow would be the big day for the starters, and they couldn't wait a second longer for the day to come.

"So, which one do you want as a trainer?" Oshawatt asked the other two.

"I don't know, that girl in the dress seems pretty nice," Tepig said.

"I'm hoping for the kid with the glasses. He seems to mean business and I like that… though why does it matter if we dream about who we'll have a trainer? We aren't the ones Choosing, the children are," Snivy said.

"Well, it's just fun to imagine which one we'll have as a trainer. At the end of our journey, we'll probably love up witj loving our trainer, regardless of who they are, right? So let's have a little competition," Oshawott grin. "Whoever has the strongest trainer wins!" She declared.

Snivy grinned. "Me and my future trainer will kick your ass."

"No, me and my trainer will!" Tepig butted in.

"Ah Wade, are you ready for tomorrow?" They all turned to the professor. Before the starters stood a man, who didn't look particularly interesting. He was at least 20 Years-old, and was holding a Houndour which was the most interesting part about him. They've never seen a Houndour before. "Nope… still gotta watch those kids though, right?"

"Of course. These are the starters that are going to be traveling with the kids."

Houndour waved a paw. "I look forward to traveling with you three!"

Each starter felt a shiver run down their spine.

a/n:

aight so, got a review saying that i'll probably be following the pokedex shit like it's the gospel. That's a fair assumption, so imma actually try to stray away from that. Especially stupid stuff like certain pokemon not being able to fly, or others being absurdly fast.

also somebody left a review telling me to stop writing for this, and write something they want to see... i don't get paid for this. I only do this because i want to, and so i write what i want to. Do I do a good job at writing? I dunno, but the more you tell me to write a certain thing, the less likely that it'll happen.

the more you know!*

anyways, feel free to review whether or not this story is dog shit. Prepare for chapter 12, stuff picks up very slightly off the ground and hovers there for approximately 10 more chapters.

And so the Journey Begins

Wade woke up at the crack of dawn, it wasn't a voluntary awakening, for Houndour decided it was time for his trainer to wake up. Feebas had been put into her pokeball the night before, to make getting out on the road very slightly easier for everyone. At the foot of Wade's bed sat a backpack, which was packed with basic supplies. From food, to his pokemon's food, to a way to start a fire, Wade was prepared. While he did question why he bought a new lighter, with Houndour being a very willing, sentient, canine-shaped lighter. Later he realized that said sentient lighter also couldn't be at his side at all times, and needed a backup in case he got separated from Houndour.

During the first few weeks of living in Unova, Wade could tell that the region was a bit chillier than Wyoming, not that Wade knew what Wyoming was like(he existed, Wyoming's residents don't), but it was a bit colder than what he was used to. Luckily Houndour was more than happy to agree to be a cuddle buddy when things got a bit too cold for the alien. Of course that's until the winter.

Despite how rude the awakening was, Wade quickly thanked Houndour. It was White's birthday and the first half of it was going to be spent throwing a bit of a party, White and her friends picking their starters, and then heading out at noon with full bellies to Accumula Town, which would only take a day or two of constant travel. Realistically, while accounting for breaks, breakfast, lunch and sleeping it would take about half the week to get to Accumula town.

Wade patted Houndour. "C'mon bud. I said I'd help Juniper make the cupcakes." The canine took no protests of getting out of this room. While being able to relax for the first few weeks of his sudden existence was nice, Houndour wanted to get moving. There was a whole world to see, things to stare at, and many inconvenient times to do his business in Wade's boots. And most importantly he'd do it by his trainer's side.

It was safe to say that Houndour, for sure, loved his trainer. The last

couple weeks the two spent together had proven that Wade heavily cared for the canine's health, and went out of his way to make sure Houndour's health was good. From learning how to cook pokemon food(albeit with a a cookbook), to refusing to do things that may end with his pokemon injured, Wade made sure that his Houndour's well being came first.

Even if Houndour wished Wade was more willing to do friendly battles; they were fun. Although Wade likely couldn't stomach seeing his beloved friend, pet, and partner be thrashed about if they met a competent trainer. In fact, Wade would beat himself up for not being able to direct his pokemon properly and would think he's responsible for Houndour's theoretical beating. So for Wade's peace of mind, Houndour agreed to Wade's desire to remain out of battling.

The two of them had stepped out of their room and out into the hallway. Unsurprisingly, Professor Juniper was standing at the door and waiting for him. "Are you ready for today?" The professor asked.

"Not really, but hey, I'd rather live than survive if you get what I mean. I think that's what the captain from Wall-E said. Did I butcher the quote?" Wade shrugged. He noticed Juniper looking a bit confused, and Wade chuckled. "I think that's something I wish I could do. Show you all the movies I loved and grew up with back in my world. Could be a pretty fun date and all… I think I had a few movies downloaded on my phone actually!"

Wade grinned. "I have an idea for the next time we go on a date, even if there's probably going to be a big chance it just doesn't work. I doubt my phone's battery even has a charge," he sighed. "Could be fun if it does work."

"I can probably reverse engineer a charging cable for your phone. It's then just be a matter of getting one of my friends, who's more talented in electronics than I am, to make a cable for your phone. Then we can try your idea out when we get some time alone."

Wade nodded and the two walked down the hall together, both ready to start the day.

"I choose you!" White was given permission from Professor Juniper,

and from Bianca and Cheren to choose her pokemon first. It was the girl's birthday, so she got first picks. Oshawott was the girl's choice, cute, but had potential to be powerful. Cheren was quick to choose Snivy, as Bianca didn't fuss over which pokemon she wanted, she was just happy to get one. This left the girl with Tepig, the fire pig was ecstatic to realize that his trainer was probably going to spoil him.

Bianca sat in a chair with her new friend in her lap. She smiled warmly at the fire pig, and Tepig kept his gaze locked toghtly onto his trainer. Sure, she probably wasn't going to make him the strongest pokemon in thw world, but he didn't mind that. As long as he could win the bet that he made with the other three starts he was happy. Those thoughts were pushed to the side as he felt the girl begin to scratch his chin, which felt so good! Tepig let out an 'oink!' As he revelled in the apparent affection.

Snivy used shook his trainer's hand, both he and Cheren having an immediate understanding of each other; they wanted to be strong. Snivy figured it'd be nice to make a name for himself, while Cheren simply wanted to be strong… also to be strong to protect people. That was going to be a duty of his when he became Champion after all; protect your region until your final breath.

Oshawott and Whiite were an instant hit with each other. The young girl, being a natural in Wade's mind, quickly won the otter's heart. Now said otter was playing 'bite the hand that feeds you' where White touched his belly, nosy, anything really, and he'd tried to catch the hand and nip it. It was a game that White had played with Houndour a couple times, although the canine wasn't nearly as stoked about playing with somebody that wasn't Wade.

"You know what this calls for?" Cheren grinned as did Snivy. "We all have our own pokemon now, so how about he have a tiny little tournament? Me and Wade have a battle, White and Bianca fight. The winners from each pair face off in the end," he proposed. White and Bianca nodded while Wade nervously sighed.

"I dunno about that Cheren, you might be starting out, but I'm a complete dunce when it comes to battling. Sure, I beat Trip, but that was more Houndour having a type advantage. I wouldn't be much of

a match for you," Wade sighed. "Plus I…" the man looked down at Houndour who gave a resolute nod. "You sure bud? We might get our as- butts kicked." This was met with another determined nod from Houndour.

"C'mon Wade! It'll just be for fun! We're all friends, right? So why does it matter if one of us is weaker than the other? The journey is to help us become better trainers," White placed her hands on her hips. "Plus I want to see what my little buddy can do," she added.

"Well, Houndour wants to join in on this, so why not?"

"Before you four have your fun, you are not doing this inside my lab. We are going to go to the training field, and. Not destroy my dining room. I like not having Houndour slinging Snivy into the window, or having Tepig burn the place to the ground," Juniper said. "Though I suppose I should watch, so I can referee." Juniper grabbed a league grade coach whistle from the table and set it inside of her lab coat's pockets.

The group had found themselves on the same training fields where Wade had his first battle against Trip. It felt odd being here, as Wade never managed to find anybody who'd be willing to battle, even if he wanted to battle anybody. It seemed like the whole 'Houndoom are very aggressive' thing passed down to Houndour, so nobody wanted a fight with Wade. It made the man's life easier, as he didn't want to watch Houndour get his head slammed into the ground.

That would give Wade a heart attack no matter how quickly Houndour recovered from such a thing…

"So it's going to be one on one. That means you can't use Feebas, Wade. Or Girafarig, but I doubt you're going to use him," Cheren said as he took his end of the field.

"Well, the poor thing's still recovering from being starved. So he's not even coming on this journey until Aurea gives the ok!" Wade glanced at Juniper for a second in appreciation; she had helped out immensely with caring for the giraffe. For that, he was grateful, and wanted to make it up to Aurea no matter what the professor said. He

was in the woman's debt.

Gothitelle raised psychic barriers around the four trainers, with Wade and Cheren getting their own set of barriers, while White and Bianca got their own. "Alright Snivy, I know we're at a huge disadvantage, but let's give it our all! The first battle is our most important!" Snivy leapt into the air and landed in front of his trainer. The determination set in the snake's eyes was clear to anybody who looked into them.

Wade and Houndour looked the other in the eyes and nodded. "And no, we are not going to pin Snivy down and blast him with fire, Houndour. Friendly match; we don't gotta kill the poor bugger," Wade chuckled when Houndour faked a disappointed sigh. "With acting skills like that, you'll be a star, my friend. Let's just get this battle over with, and we'll cuddle in a sleeping bag tonight."

Houndour stepped forward, he felt no need to make a show. It was a fight, sure it wasn't serious, and he was sure he'd enjoy it. Making a big show just didn't feel right… Wade was rubbing off on him. All of his trainer's clear desires to not be a celebrity was something Houndour could admit was nice. Being popular was cool and clung onto the idea.

And it was a friendly match, no real fire, no real burns. No eternal suffering.

A small crowd had formed around the four trainers' matches. Many have seen White, Cheren, and Bianca. They were Lab Trainers, which gave them some notoriety. Especially when said lab they had worked for was Juniper's lab. This meant that seeing the three spar would be fun, record, and archive. Sure, it wasn't as grand or flashy as a battle with two Elite Four members, but it was still fun.

None of them had really seen Wade, which he was thankful for. Sure, the alien had been around town a bit, but he'd spent most of his weeks in his room like a loser, studying and reading away. Wade found it a bit funny, here he was, in fantasy land with everything he could want. He had a girlfriend, a pokemon, and a whole world at his fingertips. Instead he spent it reading pokemon trainer rules, which he had a copy in his backpack, or other things. Wade just loved

reading, and most of the books Juniper had lent him proved to be interesting.

"Let the battle begin" Professor Juniper blew her wristle.

"Use tackle!" Cheren thrusted his hand forward. The grass snake was enveloped in a transparent, white light; Normal Energy. It was something Wade had read a bit about, but didn't fully understand. He did know what color of aura corresponded with what typing. Plus it was pretty hard to not know that Tackle was a normal type move… Wade did manage to forget what Leer did, which lowered the defenses of a pokemon.

"Houndour roll out the way!" Houndour ducked under Snivy's line of trajectory as the snake overshot his target. "Now grab'em!" Before Snivy made it out of Houndour's reach, in a flash(Wade could barely see Houndour move), the canine grabbed ahold of Snivy in his jaws. A sudden idea came to mind, and Wade knew he had to try it. "Flamethrower!" Wade sighed, this was a random idea he had come up with. Houndour didn't have hands and used his jaws to latch on, grab, and hold things.

Houndour's fire only could only escape in two ways from the canine. Through Fire Spin or Flare Blitz, which envelopes the user in 'Battle Mode' Fire Energy, or through the dog's mouth. So Wade put two and two together, and figured if he could get Houndour to grab an opponent, it was game over. Needless to say, this was something he wanted to dwell on later. Perhaps a fiery Body Slam was possible.

This was a cheap trick.

Flames erupted from the dog's jaws, enveloping Snivy, but had unintentionally let go off the snake to give more air for his fire. It wasn't actual fire, but Fire Energy did benefit from oxygen as Wade had guessed(he had no real proof for this, but still taught Houndour to do this anyways). Snivy landed on the ground with a thud, knocked out, but lacked any burn marks. No endless suffering from a burn! Houndour gave his trainer a canine grin before trotting back.

Cheren sighed and withdrew his pokemon. "Are you sure you aren't

much into battling? I don't think I've seen that strategy before," he noted.

"It just came to my noggin honestly. Fire Type pokemon, excluding Ninetales and Vulpix, as discovered by some dude in Hoenn, tend to have their fire escape through two means. That being through the use of Flame Wheel, Flare Blitz, or Flame Charge. The next is through the throat. Vulpix and Ninetales can just summon fire, or Ice, if they're from Alola, from wherever on their body. So I fogured something I might as well try."

"Grapple an opponent, and light their ass on fire… literally and figuratively I guess," Wade winced when Juniper gave him a glare. "I know, my potty mouth is awful." This elicited a giggle out of her despite half her focus being stuck on White and Bianca's battle.

"Well, I suppose a naughty boy such as yourself will know how unprofessional I can be in bed." Wade's cheeks lit and picked Houndour up. He buried his embarrassed face into the canine's fur. "And I just struck a nerve, can't wait to exploit this more," the Professor whispered.

White and Bianca's battle was surprisingly more balanced than Wade and Cheren's match. Both Tepig and Oshawott were panting, both covered in bruises and claw marks. Oshawott was doing a bit better than the fire pig, but was still obviously fatigued. Wade figured that this batch of starters didn't have any natural moves out of the gate. Oshawott and Tepig had been slamming into each otjer for the last five minutes.

"Oshawott, use Tackle!" White cheered her otter on as it slammed into Tepig, who was now too fatigued to react or even respond to Bianca's calls to dodge the attack. Soon afterwards, Tepig and Oshawott fell to the ground, and were both knocked out. Oshawott slammed his head into Tepig, which seemed to be the final straw for the otter as well.

"It is a draw!" Juniper announced, and the small crowd gave an applause. Sure, they thought that Houndour and Wade's perfomance was good, but it was quick and had little to no substance to it. The crowd quickly caught onto White and Bianca's

battle, loving every second of it, wincing when one pokemon took a nasty hit, or cheering when the crowd favorite got up.

That crowd favorite was Tepig, the underdog in terms of type advantage.

Both girls recalled their unconscious pokemon and walked towards the center of their makeshift arena. They shook hands and pulled the other into a hug. "Well played, White… it was kind of hard to to strategize when all we could only use Tackle," she giggled.

"Well, maybe we'll see who's the better trainer once our pokemon know more than just tackle and growl or leer. That way it'll be more fun, like a game of chest," White said.

"Oh by the way, I recorded your matches, you four. I've got to say Wade, your idea was a bit smart, if a bit unfair in a battle, Juniper waved her hand in dissmissal. "Anyways, if you ever want to see how you started out, just ask me and I can send you videos," Juniper grinned.

"Now c'mon, let's get lunch! You four still have an hour before you should be off, so let's eat out!" The four trainers nodded. "And Wade, tell me that list of 'fair' tactics and strategies you've come up with. I know you've got a couple," she added.

"Sorry, that's patented. Plus I won't be battling much anyways. What Houndour did is pretty underhanded, for dealing with criminals," Wade shrugged. "Also Cheren, sorry about how…" Cheren just shook his head.

"Don't worry about it. That did teach me that I probably shouldn't send Snivy at a Houndour without rhyme or reason. Especially when that Houndour has You as a trainer. You play dirty."

Wade laughed. "I mean, according to everybody, Houndour and Houndoom are devilish little creatures. Fight dirty, betray everyone, cause pain and suffering with toxin infused fires that Burn Heals don't work on... Might as well be adopt the mentality Houndour in a fight, eh?" Wade asked.

"But are you trying to prove that Houndour and Houndoom aren't like what you just described?" White asked.

"Yeah, it also kinda sucks that they're seen like that. But hey, if I don't gotta follow league rules when it comes to battling, then I'm gonna learn some underhanded tactics to go hand and paw with Houndour. Don't worry, other than today, I won't be a dirtbag while battling you three," Wade patted Houndour on the head.

"If you do, I'll gut you," Cheren said.

"No you wouldn't. Houndour's just as protective as a Ninetales," Wade chuckled. "Although I think he likes the taste of my flesh, he does nip and lick me a lot."

This elicited a nip from Houndour.

One birthday party, a helping of cupcakes, and a quick visit to Juniper's personal 'boo boo ba ding ding' machine(Wade's words. The actual name was long and complicated, so he just called it that). The group bid Professor Juniper farewell, and stepped out the doors.

"Alright Cheren, we know you've got a map, so lead the way!" White shoved the boy forward and he chuckled.

"Alright! To Accumula Town!"

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aight so, read another review. Honestly, the only dex entry I was probably going to use was Houndour and Houndoom's entries on the 'forever burn.(I barely remember half the dex entries anyways).

Then kinda implemented the whole 'Real' and 'Not Real' power system from I became Vulpix. And realized how it negated my point of why Houndour and Houndoom aren't allowed in the pokemon league/gym challenge. So I also added the fun little fact of Houndoom constantly turning on their trainers for seemingly no reason.

I dunno how much I empathize on it, and if I didn't, then I will

probably have it explained more in-depth in a later chapter(probably next chapter will just straight up be the pokemon trainer hand guide).

Also I ain't gonna get mad at actual criticism(I wouldn't be the good writer I wish I was if I did). Sure it does sting a bit, but it's a good sting. Anyways, I did kinda have the whole thing planned as for why Wade wouldn't be doing the Gym Challenge.

From aggression to generally just not wanting the attention that comes with being a Gym Challenger.

A Pit Stop(yay, more filler)

(feel free to skip this, it's just an A/N for a couple paragraphs).

A/N: aight so, somebody was asking if i was doing alright(likely to the slowdown in updates and the hiatus in my other story). simply put, yeah, I'm doing fine. I got a job, where 90% of my time goes to. Heck, this woulda been done last night, but needed the sleep for morning shift.

anyways, the slowdown in chapters is mainly due time. I've got time, but I wanna start taking my time with these chapters(but still try and manage a chapter per week). if i go a week without an update, just know I'm reading over this story for typos and am spending time to fix them(I want something presentable, not a typo filled mess).

Anyways, you aren't here to read about my woes, you're here to read very mediocre fan-fiction.

Despite having said their goodbyes to Professor Juniper, Cheren suggested that they all stop outside of the Pokemon Center that was conveniently next to the road leading out of Nuvema Town. Despite giving the children the essentials, such as three Potions, five Pokeballs, and even an Antidote those were the bare essentials. But as trainers, lab trainers no less, Cheren made a point that they should prepare a bit more. There were many trainers to battle, people to help, things you need to keep battling or to help those people. Regardless, Wade agreed with Cheren's idea, anything that can go wrong, will go wrong, so prepare for what will go wrong as best as you can.

When Wade had entered the Pokemon Center, he figured it would look a bit like the games, which he was right. It wasn't the right game, but he was right. Instead of the big room, with the Pokemart off to the side along with a lounge area it looked more akin to Pokemon X and Y's Pokemon Center layout. With a lounge area off to the left of the counter, there was a door next to the healing

machine(likely for pokemon that needed more extensive care). In said lounge area there was a flat screen, expensive looking T.V. The remote was very conveniently chained to the table to keep it from being stolen, and the T.V was currently turned off. The color scheme from the games seemed to match, with orange-red outlining where the nurse's desk was, blue outlining the different sections with the white, tiled floor. The Pokemart was even marked with blue paint in the corner.

What was also different from the layout was two things. One was the hotel that was free for trainers to stay in(Wade could guess the rooms weren't very good) upstairs. There was another flight of stairs which apparently leads up to a pokemon trading system where you can trade with friends, or complete strangers across the globe. It seemed like it even advertised Wonder Trading, which was basically gambling with your pet for a stranger's pet, which just sounded horrible. The Pokemart had its own little section like X and Y, with a bookcase sitting outside the entrance. There was even a gate to lock the Pokemart down at night. There was also a room to change clothes quickly if somebody didn't want to spend the night. What got Wade really excited was the set of vending machines in the lounge area.

Wade knew of countries like Japan, that were very big on vending machines and had a vending machine for just about everything. From pizza, to ramen, to hot meals. Hell, you could probably find a vending machine for cars. So when Wade sat down and had a look, he did a double take on what he saw. There were your typical snack and drink machines, but then it got a bit more exciting. These were all machines like vending machines Wade would've expected to see in Japan.

There were pizza machines, noodle and soup stations, hot meal stations and more. There was even a vending machine for 'gourmet' pokemon food. In an instant, he set Houndour on the chair he was sitting at, got up and went over to said vending machines. He watched with extreme interest as a vending machine was preparing some 'gourmet' pokemon which he had just paid for. A sealed bowl slid out of a compartment and Wade took it. It was a piping hot, decently sized bowl of food, which would probably be more akinned

to a snack for a large, fully grown Charizard, but for Wade's Houndour it would be pretty filling.

Wade loved this weird world even more now as he watched another vending machine put together what was probably a microwaved, ketchup and cheese sauce burger that he'd ordered. Wade handed the bowl to Houndour after opening it and was surprised to say the least. From diced onions and seemingly seasoned meat, even a bit of cheese. It looked delicious. Houndour sure did seem to enjoy it when he started to dig in, and there was a surprisingly good portion of food for the price. 10 Unovan Pokedollars and a vending machine can get you pretty far apparently.

Sure, it was probably microwaved, but it was still impressive to Wade, despite everything. Cheren, White and Bianca were still inside the pokemart, as they were likely also looking for on the go meals(Wade already got a few yesterday, so he didn't need to do any shopping). So Wade figured he could eat whatever the hell he bought. Despite the weird name and fancy picture, the food he got out of the vending machine was essentially chicken flavored ramen without any broth instead of the burger he had ordered. He didn't really care as the novelty was still pretty amazing in Wade's mind.

It was still surprisingly good too, which was just a nice little bonus.

So Wade simply relaxed outside of the built in Pokemart, while eating his food, checking the forums, since it turned out that somebody other than Professor Juniper filmed his and Cheren's battle. It was then pretty quickly uploaded and caught the attention of a few people for two reasons. The first was Houndour, a pokemon not native to Unova, in Unova. The second was the part that made Wade chuckle.

People were kind of pissed off about the way Snivy was defeated. If it were a simple curb stomp, nobody would care, Houndour was a Fire Type and Snivy was a Grass Type. That would've been a plain, textbook example of type matchups. The few that commented had noticed Wade's very dirty tactic. As it turned out, putting your opponent to sleep, literally poisoning or burning your opponent, or paralyzing your opponent was fair game. What wasn't acceptable was pinning or physically trapping your opponent and mercilessly

striking at them.

Wade wasn't a masochist by any definition of the word, but he was very tempted to comment about how morally correct it was to beat what was essentially a sleeping animal within an inch of its life. While also giving said pokemon a literal disease to help them train slightly better. Luckily, Wade's brain and general sleepiness told him no, and so he never responded. Luckily nobody got his name, so he didn't feel the need to worry about accidentally becoming a celebrity.

Wade wanted to live comfortably, not be harassed for an autograph each time he went shopping.

"Oh right, Feebas!" Wade got up, ordered the same thing he got for Houndour from the same vending machine, and went back to where Houndour was. He then let Feebas out, who gave a happy little wiggle once released from her pokeball. "Sorry about almost not feedin' ya, girl. I was kind of excited because I'm not used to that," Wade gestured towards the machines.

"I did get you something to eat, though," Wade opened the bowl and held it out for the fish. Feebas rubbed up against Wade like a cat and began to eat. Wade laughed when it turned out that his fish eats more than his dog. Not Houndour, but Molly. Wade was used to seeing dogs swallow food without chewing, so it was a tad bit strange when Houndour actually ate like a gentleman and took a moment to chew.

At least as well as somebody could chew without complete cheeks.

Feebas was a vacuum cleaner. The bowl was empty within ten seconds of being offered food. "Man, how do you wolf something down faster than the literal wolf pup next to you?" Wade chuckled as Houndour seemed really intent on getting what looked like a jalapeño out of his dish. Feebas giggled as she realized how unladylike she had just been and looked away with slight embarrassment. If fish could blush, she probably would be right now.

"Eh, at least you didn't take my hand off. Now c'mere, I want to pamper you a bit before I put you back in your Pokeball. Since you'll

be spending a decent amount of time in it, think of my pampering as an apology. I dunno how cozy or horrible it is inside the pokeball, so this is the only way I know how to make up for it." Feebas nodded and plopped herself in Wade's lap.

"You could just ask to be let outside of your pokeball, y'know. Wade would definitely let you if you did," Houndour suggested as he licked his lips. The food Wade had gotten him was good, but nowhere near as good as the stuff Wade cooked himself. Perhaps it was just preference or Houndour's appreciation for the effort Wade went through to cook some food.

"Well, I don't mind being inside the pokeball. It gets kinda chilly and I doubt it'll get warmer as we head north. On top of that, the pokeball keeps my scales moist, they get itchy when dry." Feebas purred as Wade rubbed under one of her fins. "Besides, you can keep him company when I'm inside the Pokeball, and don't worry, I can hear what's going on outside. So if something happens, I can just let myself out and lend a fin. It is a choice to let ourselves be contained in a Pokeball, so why inconvenience Wade during his travels?" Feebas asked.

"Well, for starters, Wade probably wouldn't even mind having you float beside him, especially once you evolve. You'll be so damn pretty that he'll want to keep you out of the Pokeball at all times," Houndour said.

Feebas giggled. "Well, I would be quite beautiful, wouldn't I? Thought that would probably make Wade want to keep me secret for even longer. After all, A Milotic would catch some attention, and Wade doesn't strike me as the type to enjoy that kind of attention. Even if I will, according to you, be able to seduce Wade in such a manner. Like I'd even want to do that. Wade is a human, I am a fish, soon to be a giant eel, snake thing. A relationship like that would be disgusting, socially unexceptable for Wade, and wouldn't sit right with me."

"Yeah, it would be pretty bad, but it could be worse. Wade's at least not the type to try and date a fish," Houndour chuckled. "If he were, I'd have to torch him alive." Both Feebas and Houndour had a good laugh, which to their trainer, sounded very human-like. Wade

remarked as such, so Houndour gave his best villain laugh and laughed even harder when he noticed a shiver run up Wade's spine.

Meanwhile, in the Pokemart, Cheren was leading his two friends through the surprisingly decent room. "Cheren, why are we taking so long? We have our stuff, so let's go," Bianca complained. "I thought today was the day the three of us became adults, but I didn't think we'd be spending longer than my dad does while grocery shopping," she groaned.

"Well, I mostly want to talk to you guys about Wade. The guy claims to be from a region called Wyoming, which doesn't exist, where pokemon are quite rare. Heck, he claims to have known Houndour for quite a while, long enough that his parents got mad when they found out about Houndour. Yet he was testing how hard Houndour's skull was, when you'd figure he'd know that by now. It just doesn't seem right about Wade," Cheren said. "So I brought you along so we can talk about him."

"Well, Wade could probably be ashamed about something from his past. Something so bad, or what he thinks is so bad, that he thinks that he's gotta lie about it," White reasoned.

"Then that's probably somehow worse. For all we know, Wade could be a murderer waiting to strike. Sure, we've got pokemon that can fight back if that's the case, but Wade's already got two. With a third coming around when Juniper gives the all clear," Cheren argued. "And I know he isn't above playing dirty, if my battle with him is something to go by. He only didn't play dirty against you, White, because he got called out for it," Cheren said.

"Well, he's not a league trainer, and he probably thinks he doesn't have to play by league rules. He at least started playing fairly against me and Oshawott, even if I still lost to him, so maybe he didn't know that some trainers train for sport," White argued. "Plus, isn't Wade supposed to be making sure we're safe? If so, then I don't think Wade's thinking about League Rules; he'll be thinking of ways to fight back. Stop being an Absol, Wade can't be that bad of a guy if Professor Juniper's dating him."

Cheren sighed, figuring that White nor Bianca would see his point.

"Actually, Cheren has a point. For somebody who claims to live in a region, where there isn't even a league, Wade seems to be a pretty decent battler. Apparently pokemon were so rare, that Wade never even had to think about moves, abilities, or typing. If I'm guessing correctly, Wade probably wouldn't have even known that Feebas can evolve into Milotic. Heck, he seems to know quite a few moves, what said moves do, and how to apply them… if just attacking is anything to go by." Bianca then grabbed a bag of chips off a shelf.

"We probably won't know how deep Wade's knowledge on that sort of stuff goes, since he probably won't be battling often. I'd say he isn't going to try hurting us, he seems to like White, and he is dating Professor Juniper, so he isn't a bad guy at least. We could get him to spar with us every now and then, he's got to be training his pokemon, and see later on that. Though Cheren, don't treat Wade like a villain, and we shouldn't press Wade on this. He's traveling with us, so he'll probably end up telling us anyway," Bianca finished.

Cheren and White blinked at their friend a couple times. "What?" Bianca asked.

"Well then, that was pretty insightful. I didn't think you could be that observant," Cheren nodded. "Though you're right, I won't push Wade on this unless it becomes a problem," he then led the trio over to checkout.

The three paused in front of Wade, who seemed to be really engrossed with a T.V show about a Zorua trying to fit in with a group of Vulpix, by disguising as a Vulpix. Cheren almost instantly recognized it as some drama that had concluded a year ago. They were also surprised to see Wade actually enjoying a warm tray of food, which they also recognized as a meal you could get out of a vending machine. Houndour was laying in the man's lap, dozing off, while Feebas was idly being scratched on her dorsal fin. Wade looked very relaxed.

"Hey Wade, we've got our supplies," White announced. Wade nodded, recalled Feebas, and began to tidy up the area he had been using. "You do know somebody will clean that up for you, right?" White asked.

"Well, I don't like leaving a mess. If my experience with working in retail and food service taught me anything, customers who leave a mess are the worst. Usually because they're assholes. Anyways, whenever you can, clean up after yourself, you'll make somebody else's life easier," Wade got up, Houndour in one arm, his bag hung in his elbow, with his trash in the other hand. "Hey Houndour, you mind walking for a bit until I can toss this stuff?" Houndour nodded and was promptly placed back on the ground, Wade found a trashcan on the way out, and recollected Houndour shortly afterwards.

"Y'know, you kids shoulda bought supplies yesterday. That way we coulda been halfway to Accumula town," Wade chuckled. Cheren, White, and Bianca remained silent. Truthfully, they already had enough supplies to last until they got to Accumula, but also knew the true reason for why they decided to go shopping. The group walked out of the Pokemon Center and began making their way towards the road that led out of town. There was a sign that Wade had noticed, but never took a moment to look at it until now. It had a census count, and apparently 238 people lived in Nuvema town.

"Alright, with that pitstop over and done with, let's head onwards. Next stop, Accumula!" Wade said in his best conductor voice and began to march forward with a map pulled out.

'God, I wish Route 1 was just a straight line, like in the games.'

A Pleasant Picnic

The sun was high in the sky, Pidove sang their song to the world, Patrat and Lillipup foraged through the grass and brush. Much to Wade's surprise, most of Route 1 was a flat plain, with islands of trees spread sporadically throughout the great expanse of plains. It was kind of breathtaking, it was warm, with a pleasant breeze that made the view even better. This was seriously at the doorstep of Nuvema Town? The young man shook his gaze as he took a glance behind him to his companions. Each of them seemed to be holding up surprisingly well given that they've been walking for at least seven hours.

'Good thing my job wasn't a desk job. I could probably go at this for a few more hours' Wade thought as he then looked down at Houndour. "Say bud, are you hungry?" The canine barked his thoughts halfway and then his stomach covered the distance. The distinct sound of an empty stomach had reached his ears. "Eh, you're a growing Houndour, it makes sense that you gotta eat. Especially with how we're now going to be using up a lot of energy on just walking to towns, cities, and potentially catching more team members."

Wade glanced back at White, now with a better look, it seemed like she was holding her stomach. As was Bianca and Cheren were. The trio's stomachs gave a chorus of growls, their stomachs protesting being empty for this long. "Yo, if y'all are hungry, you should've spoken up. We can stop at any time, since we definitely got time to kill. How long is it until the League Conference?" Wade asked. "Because you won't even make it to the League Conference with an empty stomach."

"Well, the League Conference actually happens once every year and a half. I'd say we've started at least a month later than everybody else did, so we do have time," Cheren noted. "Let's find a nice spot under a tree, then stop for lunch. I'm hoping we find a rare pokemon. I don't want to have a Watchog on my team, and Lillipup and Pidove don't look very promising either. So hopefully the smell

of food can lure something out."

"That looks like a good spot," White pointed towards a sizable oak tree, with a huge overhang. Its large branches reached out and sprawled above, branching into smaller branches. Its leave provided a nice, welcoming shade to anybody who was fortunate enough to cross paths with it. It was the perfect spot to stop and have lunch. The others in the group quickly agreed and piled underneath the shade.

Wade pulled out a couple baggies of food, two bowls, and then let Feebas out. The fish let out a coo and swam in the air for a bit, only to stop once she felt her stomach rumble a bit. Feebas then gave Wade a sheepish grin and floated down to ground level, where her trainer had just poured two bowls of pokemon food he had made. Even if it was several hours old(and cold!), the plastic bags did wonders in preserving the tastes in the two pokemon's meals. Wade grinned in delight as his pokemon still found the food enjoyable. "Perhaps I should buy a thermos or three later. I'm sure you two would love a warm meal… or a portable pan. Then I could just make your food while we're out on the road."

Feebas and Houndour simply nodded, they really didn't seem to mind what temperature the food was, their trainer had put the effort into it, to make it tasty while still being healthy. Sure, it wasn't an original recipe or anything, Wade probably had a couple recipes from that old cookbook saved somewhere, and had made a bunch of servings for being out on the road. It still tasted good to them, and didn't seem to have gone bad. Though some warm food, they both mentally admitted, did sound nice.

The two pokemon looked over to the children's pokemon, who had received League branded food, with no added seasoning or mix. Just plain, old, nutrient dusted pokemon food. "I think I'm glad I have Wade as a trainer," Houndour whispered to Feebas.

"I know, I snuck into the kitchen once and got into the pokemon food… Wade's right. It does taste like cereal, and yes, I did steal some cereal to confirm this. Though I think the cereal was more enjoyable. That league branded stuff tastes like dirt," Feebas whispered back. She then suppressed a giggle when Oshawoot

cringed at the flavor. "I do feel kind of bad for them, perhaps we should get Wade to cook those three poor souls something with flavor," Feebas suggested.

"Well, that does seem nice in concept, but it probably would cost Wade a lot. Heard the limit on a legal team is six pokemon, each of which are registered with their pokeballs, and there's three humans in our group excluding Wade. That's eighteen mouths Wade is then responsible for feeding, which is neat and all, until you realize that Wade also has to account for us and our future teammates. In other words, Wade probably couldn't afford to feed that many pokemon in one sitting, even if he would like to do so," Houndour pointed out.

"Jeez, you're like a teacher. You might as well have written out a 'real world situation' question and then promptly answer it yourself. I think it's a good thing Wade doesn't understand what we're saying. If he could, his brain would be fried to bits," Feebas giggled.

"That just means we'll have to get Wade a new brain. Surely as long as it smells and looks like Wade, then it's Wade. Actually that would be Wade, but if a Ditto were to try and convince us that it was our trainer," Houndour chuckled. "That would be horrifying actually, so let's not break Wade's brain. I want my human to last me quite a while if you haven't noticed."

Feebas nodded and vacuumed her food.

"So Wade, why don't you take part in the Gym Challenge? You seem like a competent trainer, so why not have a go at it?" Cheren asked. Both Feebas and Houndour began to tune into what their trainer would say on the topic. They've heard it a few times, but it would be surprising if Wade changed his mind. Wade shrugged and patted Houndour on the head, to which Houndour grabbed a hold of the hand with his teeth, and gently held onto it. Wade chuckled and looked back up at Cheren.

"Honestly, I'd probably get my ass handed to me on a silver platter," Wade winced, he could see Professor Juniper giving him a stern look and talk if she caught wind of what was leaving his mouth. "I'm not that good of a battler or trainer. Just about any Gym Leader could make quick handiwork of me, regardless of if I had Arceus

himself backing me or not. Plus the Houndour line is considered too aggressive to be a part of any League hosted events. Not only does that mean I can't use my ace, but what's the point of battling without my best friend at my side?" Wade managed to drag Houndour onto his lap and flopped the canine on his back.

"Since Houndour can't participate, I won't. Plus it seems stressful as hell, to have so much riding on your shoulders. From potentially being a representative in the government for winning some fancy tournament to being a disgrace. It all just seems like too much for me. I'm just used to being a nobody, and I kinda like being a nobody as long as I can live comfortably. Most importantly though, is that I could not stand watching from the sidelines while I watched Feebas, Houndour, or any pokemon under my care tossed around like a ragdoll." Wade took a deep breath.

"Honestly, I couldn't handle that. Coming out of a battle win or lose, and seeing Houndour either knocked out on the ground, covered in his own damn blood, or a smiling Houndour who's barely conscious. Hell, if I were to see Feebas, soon to be Milotic, covered in cuts, bruises, with her skull cracked open, I'd puke. I… they could probably take that sort of punishment and be fine in a week, but I won't be fine. I won't be fine with knowing that I willingly signed up for a losing battle, and then getting my pokemon getting beaten into the ground because I was a second too late to react."

"I'd say that's a fair reason to not participate. Besides, there's plenty more to being a trainer than just being a good battler. Pokemon Contests show that, where you can show your ability to train your pokemon in stuff that isn't brute force," White said as Oshawott crawled onto her lap. The otter let out a sigh in contempt. Wade shrugged and took in the scene before him. To him, White was straight up adorable. From the innocence in those gray eyes of hers, to just how sweet White could be, the girl was adorable. Perhaps in a 'this is my child' sort of way,

"Say, what's that whistling?" Cheren asked as Wade took a glance over his shoulder.

"Can't be much, it's probably just a Pidove. Those things love to sing and whistle their little lungs out, and I'm tempted to catch one. I

won't, though. I got tackled by one of those dumb birds when I first get off the boat here!" Wade chuckled. The man then ducked, expecting to be struck by another Pidove, who wasn't happy about being referred to as unintelligent. "Huh, no bird that wants my head on a pike?" Wade began to wish that was what had just shown up.

With a loud BOOM! The group shot up, with their pokemon ready to fight, as they turned to face the smoke cloud that had shot up from whatever had made impact with the ground. "Hey guys, hide somewhere, hide in the grass, hide behind the tree. Whatever the fuck just touched down is probably strong if it sent that much smoke up," Wade instructed. He glanced back to see that the children were standing their ground, ready to fight alongside their fresh out of the lab pokemon. A pair of red, glowing eyes pierced through the smoke and Wade began to make a prayer to whatever was considered a god in this world. "I'm fucking serious, hide somewhere."

"No! We can't be considered Lab Trainers if we let you get mauled b-by whatever that thing is," White declared. The smoke began to give way to something Wade fully wasn't expecting, but still wasn't excited by the sight before him. Standing in a fairly small crater, which still probably took a lot of force to make, was a Genesect. It was staring daggers at the group, but it seemed to be calculating its next more. Wade figured if they even tried running, there would be zero chance that they could get away. With how big the crater was, Genesect had to be traveling pretty quickly, combined with the cannon on its back, a fight with the modified pokemon was risky.

And so was fleeing.

"Fucking christ. We aren't gonna win against this thing," Wade said through his teeth. "White, take your friends and run. I'll try and buy some time… down!" The group, excluding Houndour, jumped to the ground as a ball of energy was shot at them, and Houndour attempted to try and bat the attack away with a Flamethrower. Even though the attack looked like an Energy Ball, it still completely overpowered Houndour's attack, and struck the tree behind the group. Genesect began to approach them with a cold, hard stare.

"Alright… so Genesect were modified by Team Plasma, who is a group known for not treating their pokemon well, and this was just a

bi-product of some experimentation. So… I don't think Genesect's gonna be a fan of people," Wade mused. He looked behind him for a second and saw the fleeting forms of White and her friends, who were likely trying to find some cover. "Say, doesn't this thing have thermal vision or something? If so then that guarantees that we're all dead," Wade took a deep breath. "Houndour, Feebas, let's stall Genesect out. We are definitely gonna die here, but we'll give death a run for its money!"

Another Energy Ball was shot towards Wade and his pokemon and he winced when Houndour was once more overpowered by the Mythical Pokemon. Suddenly a white barrier surrounded the trio and blocked the attack from striking them. Girafarig had seemingly come out of nowhere, ready to fight with all his might to protect his human. "Where the hell? Y'know what, I don't care. Thank you for showing up when you did."

'Girafarig's Protect took that Energy Ball pretty well. I don't know how Protect works, but I'm willing to bet that it might've taken a bit of energy out of him. Eitherway, we now have a much better chance at stalling this thing out.' Wade took out his Pokedex and scanned Girafarig once more. He smiled in delight when it turned out that Girafarig did, in fact, know Hypnosis. "Girafarig, try putting that bastard to sleep," Wade instructed. Genesect's left claw began to glow in white, and began to make a beeline towards Girafarig. As soon as the Paleozoic pokemon picked up speed, it came sliding into the ground. Its eyes were closed and it was asleep.

"Alright, I'm not even gonna bother trying to catch this thing. Five Pokeballs ain't gonna cut it, and I ain't risking this fucker waking up any time soon when I hit him with a Pokeball. Let's collect the kids and book it towards Accumula." His pokemon nodded and ran to catch up to where the kids had run off to.

Later that night, the group decided to make another stop, this time in an island of trees and brush as an attempt to hide them better. Wade was explaining what had happened, and how Girafarig practically saved the day. "And this young man decided it would be smart to run and fight a Genesect, despite the fact that he's still recovering from being starved!" Chuckled as he wrapped an arm around the Giraffe's neck, who was now blushing as Wade sung his

praises.

"I didn't want to see my trainer get blasted into oblivion, thank you. Though can you stop praising me? All I did was use Protect and Hypnosis," Girafarig said, letting his telepathy connect to the children as well.

"And if you didn't, I'd be dead. Heck, we'd all be dead," Wade said.

"Why didn't you catch Genesect if it was put to sleep?" Cheren asked.

"Well, there's an index for how easy it would be to catch a pokemon, right?" Wade asked, this was answered with a nod from Cheren. "Well, with a pokemon like Genesect, I doubt I could even catch that thing with a pokeball. And if we did, I'm pretty sure he'd blow my head off as soon as I give him some food," Wade sighed. "I kinda wish that I caught that Genesect, those things are pretty strong, and it'll save people a lot more trouble. but I was just thinking about getting away from that thing. And tomorrow we'll be in Accumula Town, meaning we'll at least be safe." Wade stretched. "I'm gonna hit the hay, I'm beat after running for so damn long." Wade then flopped on his back, Girafarig and Houndour in tow, with Feebas acting as a pillow for her trainer. The four were out in an instant,

As soon as Wade went to sleep, Cheren began to rub his chin. "I don't even know how Wade knew about what a Genesect even is. Given Wade's apparent lack of knowledge, he shouldn't. Especially since I don't think anybody's heard of Genesect before," he noted with a shrug.

"Well, let's not worry about that for now, let's sleep. My chest feels like it's gonna cave in on itself," White said. Her friends nodded and they began to get their tents out.

Sitting above them was Genesect, now watching the group with curiosity. Despite trying to kill them, he was spared being captured or being killed by the eldest of the group. "I'm going to keep an eye on this group from afar. Girafarig seems to show some potential, as does Houndour. That Feebas, once she evolves, could be useful. And their trainer doesn't seem too bad for a human…" Genesect

curled up on the branch he was occupying and closed his eyes. "They'll be useful for getting revenge on that damned scientist," he grumbled before succumbing to sleep.

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gonna take a second to thank everyone for the follows, favorites, and reviews. I usually don't pay attention to the numbers(I just write whatever and if people like what I write, cool). but it's pretty cool to see this story gain some traction.

as for the whole Genesect thing, that came to life from a a reviewer(ty Khaos321999) making such a suggestion. However, I'm gonna hold off on making Genesect a member of Wade's team for a really long time(it'd be stupid to give Wade three pokemon before he even reached Accumula town and then give Wade a legendary on top of those three pokemon).

Accumula Town

Accumula Town, much to the group's expectations, hadn't taken very long to get to. It only took a day and a half to reach the second town on their journey. The town itself wasn't anything remarkable, it just looked like Nuvema Town minus a port, and it was maybe a tad bit smaller in size if the census presented was anything to go by. Unlike Nuvema, which had at least 2,000 residents, Accumula Town had about 1,500, which probably wasn't even enough to register it as a town. However, it was named as such, and nobody seemed to mind this. Despite how bland the Town was, it was pretty welcoming.

Where Nuvema Town was probably larger, looked fairly similar to its neighboring town, and had a port, Accumula did look just a tad bit nicer. Accumula Town essentially served as a funnel to the rest of the region. If you were from Nuvema and wanted to be a pokemon master, then you went through Accumula. If you have family in Nuvema, then you went through Accumula. It did make Wade a bit more comfortable with the journey ahead knowing that Unova's layout was pretty similar to the games.

It also kind of reminded Wade of the last games he actually played through, which happened to be Pokemon X or Y(he didn't think which title mattered, they were basically the same game). Where there were two towns outside of a loop, which then led into one major city. From there, each major route seemed to loop from said major city to the next until it looped back around. The main difference was that Lumiose City was clearly a centerpiece in the Kalos Region(at least in the games. Wade never looked at maps of the other regions). Unova clearly didn't have a centerpiece, except for the pokeball-shaped thing in the middle that was apparently really hard to get to, even with Castelia City being the largest in the region.

"So, what do we do now? I certainly wanna wait a day before we head out to Striation City," Cheren said.

"Well, we should probably, and immediately, book somewhere for us to stay. We could probably stay in a nice hotel, or stay in the Pokemon Center, one would be cheaper but we'll have access to an actual kitchen in the other," Wade shrugged. "It really doesn't matter which we do, I've got enough home-made pokemon food to last until we get to Striation," Wade then pointed at a Pokemon Center which was pretty much on the road the group came in on.

"We could also get your pokemon some seasoning for their food. I saw how they scrunch their noses at the taste. I could make your pokemon some food too, but if you think I'll poison them or whatever, at least buy them seasoning so the food will go down easier. Can't win a gym battle if your pokemon refuses to eat their dirt flavored cereal," Wade cringed at the flavor of the pokemon food. Truth be told, he did actually eat some pokemon food(which turned out could be used as a funny story later) and hated the taste. Sure, Houndour and Feebas didn't mind the league branded stuff, but that was after the right seasoning was added. Flavor a serving with 'bacon seasoning' for Houndour and 'tuna seasoning' for Feebas.

Once his pokemon got a taste for the home-made stuff Wade, with heavy guidance from a cookbook, had conjured up, and neither wanted anything to do with the stuff from the PokeMart. He was pretty sure Girafarig wouldn't mind the League Branded stuff either, the giraffe did use it as filler with more nutritious food was used, but probably also didn't like the Mart stuff that much. A home cooked meal was always better than a frozen dinner, after all. Albeit, Wade did heavily enjoy the bowl of noodles he got out of the Pokemon Center back in Nuvema.

"Yeah, we probably should get seasoning for our pokemon's food," Bianca said. "Tepig nearly threw up after eating half of his lunch, and I thought he was sick… why do you know that pokemon food tastes like dirt?" Bianca asked.

"Remember when I joked about how pokemon food was still pretty good for cereal?" Wade chuckled. "I ate a handful of that sh-stuff to see what Houndour was eating. Then I wanted to make actual food for my pokemon. You think all that time alone with Professor Juniper was for nothing?" Wade smiled. "Though we did make out a couple

times… but mostly Aurea took the time to teach me how to cook with a stove and oven, and then I used a recipe book I found in her library. So far my pokemon love the stuff I cooked, so I ain't gonna make them eat more kibble."

"If they could, I'm sure my pokemon would cook me a gourmet meal, so I'm trying my best to do the same. Except I can use a stove and have opposable thumbs… actually Girafarig can move stuff with his mind, so he could probably cook me something." Wade patted Houndour on the head as the group stopped by a small little field. In that field stood a small troupe of Team Plasma members while somebody was giving a speech. Wade groaned and picked Houndour up. "Let's get into the Pokemon Center, I don't wanna deal with those assholes today," Wade urged.

"I mean, look at that Houndour! It must hate its trainer if it always has a scowl on his face. Young man, please step forward and display how unhappy your pokemon is, not being treated as an equal, but as if it were a child!" The apparent leader of Team Plasma jabbed a finger in Wade's direction and Wade let out a sigh in defeat.

"Go make sure we have a room booked for tonight. I'm gonna be busy looking like a dumbass on stage," Wade ordered as he wandered over to where Team Plasma was giving a speech.

"Ah, I see! This Houndour looks even angrier up close than I imagined! Let the crowd know how your trainer treats you! Growl, snarl, get angry for you've been treated as nothing more than a slave, an idiot, a damn child. You are surely much smarter and above all of that! Rebel from your trainer and be set free!" The leader extended his hand to Houndour, who was still in his trainer's arms. "And join us, so we may free many more Houndour that are much like you."

Houndour tilted his head in confusion. "Slave? I don't think I'm a slave…" he looked up at Wade and shrugged. "I didn't know I was being forced to do labor against my will, perhaps I should discuss this contract with Wade. I… suppose a couple belly rubs and an 'I

love you' is enough payment. Perhaps I shall ask for a massage or two for the key services I provide for my trainer," Houndour mused as he nuzzled into his trainer's chest. Sure, he was scowling, but that was just his default expression. It made people a lot less willing to touch him if he looked ready to snap.

Wade made it abundantly clear with Houndour that they were equals. They were best friends, packmates, Houndour could even consider his trainer as a brother. There was only one time the canine could even recall leaving his trainer's side, and it was to let his trainer pursue his interests in the professor. Whatever this old man was telling him was a load of shit anyways, so instead of showing his disdain for the man before him, he figured he should lick Wade's neck instead.

That was more fun, it made Wade laugh when he did that. Tickling your trainer was the best thing in the world, in Houndour's eyes, especially when that human oh so willingly returns such affection by the bucket load. So Houndour promptly began to lick the side of Wade's neck, which made him snicker. "Houndour, c'mon, not on stage in front of a crowd!" Wade whispered through the snicker. "And trust me, once we get a room, you can tickle me all you'd like… if I don't die because I didn't get enough oxygen in my lungs. I'd like to be alive bud, then I can scratch the base of your tail."

Houndour sighed in relaxation when Wade proceeded to do just that. The base of Houndour's tail was rather difficult to reach. Houndour couldn't bend his spine far enough to reach his rear, and his limbs simply didn't bend naturally towards the base of his tail either. It also happened to itch quite a bit at that given moment, and Wade's wonderful hand began to relieve Houndour of the agitation that the itch was giving him… he loved his trainer.

"That Houndour seems pretty happy to me," a spectator shouted.

"Yeah, that's the biggest smile I've seen on one of those things. You sure he's angry about having a trainer?"

"Is that a smile? And he's drooling on that man's shirt!"

Wade looked down and smiled. Houndour was, in fact, drooling on

his shirt. It was like Houndour was so at peace, that he was very willing to drift off to sleep. "Hey bud, if you want a nap, take one. I bet it's hard to be a cute, loveable, huggable bundle of fluff all day, ain't it!" Wade chuckled as Houndour Cheeks puffed up.

"I am not cute," Houndour purred when Wade scratched his ears.

"You're right. You aren't cute," Houndour grinned. "You're adorable," and Houndour's grin fell. He was a Houndour! Mighty and fearful, soon to be a Houndoom, a pokemon feared and renowned worldwide! He was not cute! He was a vicious, dangerous Houndour that needed to- Houndour dropped those when Wade offered him a treat, it was store bought, but it simply smelled delightful.

"Can me and Houndour go already? I promised this little bugger that we'd have a tickle war. Plus he's a wee bit tired from our little hike to here, and as any growing pokemon needs, he needs his sleep," Wade let out a sigh in relief when the old man before him nodded. Albeit, Wade could tell that said old man was giving him a glare that could scare the hell out of Satan himself. "Well, thank you for allowing me to be publicly embarrassed by how affectionate my Houndour is, but let this be known!"

Wade spoke much louder when he began to speak again. "Houndour look mean and scary, but they're big goofballs. I can't tell you how many times I've seen Houndour chase his own tail!" With that, the alien walked away from the weird convention that Team Plasma was holding, and went to catch up with his companions. "God, I wish Team Plasma turns out to only be an annoyance instead of a national threat like in the games," Wade grumbled. Houndour let out a growl in agreement. "I hated being put on the spot like that, and I'm certain you weren't excited to be called a grumpy mutt, huh bud?" Houndour nodded.

The duo entered the Pokemon Center, Wade took a glance around, and immediately found where the children had gone off to during his absence. "So, what did Team Plasma want with you guys?" White asked.

"They wanted to use Houndour as propaganda. Some bullshit about how Houndour is scowling, when that's just Houndour's face," Wade chuckled. "Gotta admit it though, Houndour does kinda look like he's got a permanent scowl etched into it. Then other times, he looks as happy as any baby would… while tickling me to death of course." Houndour scoffed. "Now bud, you just love torturing me, eh? Don't deny it, you'd tickle me for five hours straight if I had the lung capacity of a Wha-Wailord," Wade corrected himself on that last one. 'Note to self, learn this world's slang, or somebody's gonna look at you like you're a psycho.'

"So, did you guys get a room booked for us?" Wade asked.

"We did. One room for Bianca and White, then one room for you and me. Figured these two would appreciate the privacy," Cheren answered. "And yes, White went and got some pokemon food seasoning for our pokemon. You'll probably have to show us how to mix it into the food, the instructions kind of suck," he added. White then promptly handed Wade a can full of seasoning, with an edge of the can resembling the top of a salt shaker, that was labeled with 'Fish Flavoring.' The instructions simply had two steps.

Step one read as follows:

Pour into the bowl, portion well.

Step two wasn't anymore helpful:

Mix well, ensure that food is covered in seasoning.

"Wow. These instructions are worse than the instructions that came with a toy helicopter I got as a kid… is there seriously no other information on the packaging? No company name, no links to a website, nothing?" Wade chuckled. "Yeah, I don't know how I'm gonna be able to help you three with this sorta shit. I can cook pokemon food if I follow the instructions down to the letter. The instructions are so damned vague that it's a wonder that nobody's complaining about it." Wade handed the can back to White.

"You know, I could just whip some food up for your pokemon. It really wouldn't be that big of a deal to me, your pokemon would get

actual food, and you don't have to deal with very, highly detailed instructions," Wade offered.

Cheren almost immediately answered. "No thanks. Trust me, I'm more willing to trust the league branded stuff." Wade shrugged, but internally sighed. Sure, he knew that he was basically lying to these kids; they don't even know where he's from. It also didn't help that the only time Wade had hung out with the kids was when they headed down to Nuvema Town's Port Sided Marketplace. Sure, Wade didn hang out a bit with White, but that was it. Wade just wished that he wasn't in this situation, where he was essentially an alien, but put those thoughts aside.

"I don't want to trouble you Wade. Wouldn't it get kind of expensive once we start getting full teams of fully evolved pokemon?" White asked.

"I could just let you borrow the recipe book I borrowed from Aurea. I just follow that thing and do so very closely. All I'd have to do is teach you about how to use a stove and oven. Quite a few of the recipes say they can be made in the microwave, but the great Gordon Ramsey once said that would zap the flavor out of any meal," Wade shrugged. "Though you just do whatever's easiest. Your pokemon, you choose how to feed them, even if I personally disagree with what league branded shit's very vague ingredient list."

"Okay… can you teach me once we get to Striation? We can even get help from the gym leaders. They own a restaurant, so they could even give us some tips," White suggested.

"I'm down for whenever. Just make sure you're prepared to. It was kinda scary to turn the oven on, then I realized that Houndour is a living blow torch… and Aurea also helped me out."

After some chatting, lounging, and a quick visit to the vending machines(Wade got a bit upset when he learnt that the ketchup and cheese sauce hamburger wasn't for sale. He didn't get to try it last time!) The group went up stairs to the hotel portion of the Pokemon Center, well, the children did. Wade made sure to run by the nurse's

desk, get his pokemon checked up on, and walked up the other case of stairs. Sure enough, there were two rooms, one labeled and clearly stated to be the trading room. The other was a video phone room, which was much better than the Pokedex was for calling somebody.

Wade dialed in a number and grinned when Aurea, or professor of Unova, and his girlfriend picked up. "So, I'd take it that your journey's going smoothly so far? You reached Accumula Town in a couple days, Wade! I thought you'd be the type to stop and sniff the flowers," Aurea put her hands on her hips. "Were you just that excited to get away from little ol' me?" She asked.

"Well… uh, no actually. Hell, I would've stayed if you let me. You see, we met a new pokemon, and got motivated to pick up the pace," Wade's expression became somewhat serious. "Do you know about a pokemon called Genesect?" Wade asked.

"No, I don't believe… is this some sort of meta knowledge that you have? I never heard of Genesect before."

"Yeah, I guess. Not even Cheren or the rest of kids knew about Genesect… I may have let that slip since I thought that was common knowledge. Anyway, Girafarig saved my ass with Hypnosis, and we decided it'd be best if we got to a town before it could follow us. I didn't get a picture, but I can try to describe it to you if you'd like," Wade offered. Professor Juniper nodded.

"So think of it as purple-ish? Insect looking thing. I know it's type Bug and Steel, and it has a cannon on its back. It kinda looks like a Kabutops, but a rounder, sleeker body made entirely out of metal. If I remember the lore correctly, Team Plasma created Genesect via modifying a once extinct pokemon and bringing it to life. N, being the pacifist that he is, condemned the project. So many people have too many similarities between Genesect and Kabutops to be a coincidence. Down to the Pokedex entries in the games. I know said entries probably aren't correct at all, or even accurate in this world, but I'm willing to bet that Team Plasma built Genesect off of Kabutops… apparently the lab where Genesect was made is pretty close to Route 1."

"Warn people if they come through Route 1. Hell, try and get the word out. I don't want somebody to get blasted apart by a Genesect… I woulda if Girafarig didn't escape the lab just to follow me," Wade let out a sigh.

"Well, that must be quite an interesting first day on the road, Wade. And yes, I will get the word out for you. I will admit, I don't like the fact that there's a potentially dangerous pokemon that's more than willing to kill humans. Sure, wild pokemon attack trainers all the time, but it's mostly to get the attention of a trainer that's caught their eye. From what I can hear, that pokemon you mentioned was out for blood," Juniper shrugged. "Well, I'll send the message once we hang up," Juniper said.

"So, how was your last two days? Surely it was more relaxing than mine was," Wade asked.

"Well, some old guy in the league tried to send me a letter, asking if I'd be interested in starting a relationship with him. Something about political gain or whatever," Juniper crossed her arms. "I looked at the old guy online. He's nearly 70 years-old." The professor groaned. "It's a good thing I don't have to worry about that now, or political gain by being your girlfriend. And don't worry, I kindly told that old sack of potatoes to fuck off."

"Ooo, my girlfriend? Swearing? I must be dreaming!" Wade chuckled. "And don't worry, I won't treat you like a trophy because you're a professor. Heck, if I ever treat you like that, feel free to teleport over to wherever the fuck I am, and slap me in the face," Wade chuckled. "Though if we kissed again, that would be a pretty nice reward…"

"Don't worry, once you get to Striation, there will be plenty of kisses from me… I'd hate to keep you now. I'm sure you'd like to explore Accumula and relax," Juniper said.

"Well, that depends on if you hang up first… I can hang up first, I'd hate to keep you from doing stuff with a telescope," Wade chuckled when he noticed Juniper glared at him for a split second.

"No, I'll hang up first!" The professor declared.

"No, I will!" Wade retorted. The two giggled. "I love you," the two said in unison, and both hung up at the same time.

Wade could've sworn that he hung up a half second before his girlfriend could.

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alright, i was told that I should start using dividing lines to break up the scenes. Hopefully I did a decent job at breaking up the chapter with them.

also made the chapter a little longer than usual. I wanna start pushing the lengths of these chapters. I also hope to expand a bit more on Juniper and Wade's relationship with little scenes like what was happening towards the end of this chapter.

Confession

a/n: so I have no excuse as for why this didn't come out last week. I was just being lazy and playing Minecraft and working. Sorry about the wait.

Also, side note, holy shit, thank you to everyone who followed and favorited. I don't care too much about numbers, but holy moly, this is the most follows and favourites any one of my stories have gotten(as such I hope I can delivering well on quality).

"Okay Tepig, roll and use Ember!" Bianca hastily commands. Since there was still plenty of time until the sun went down, the children had decided that it'd be for the better if they got some training in. So Wade decided to let Girafarig have a shot at Bianca's Tepig. How fair a battle like this would be, with Girafarig's admittance in having several trainers, and Tepig's clear lack of battle experience. The pig purely focused on damage, for once Tepig manages to evolve, he'd likely be an offensive mass of destruction. So Wade figured it would be a win win to have Girafarig work on defense and counters, while Tepig worked on offense at the same time.

"Girafarig, Protect and use Nasty Plot at the same time!" Girafarig quickly throws up a barrier while mischievously laughing. A dark aura forms around the giraffe as what Wade assumes is Special Attack, increases. As it turned out, Physical and Special attacks worked pretty much like they did in the games. If you physically hit a pokemon, it was a physical move, if you use anything such as water, fire, psychic, or just damaging a pokemon without physically striking it, then it was special.

Unfortunately Wade couldn't remember most of the moves in the games, and mainly just knew moves used in competitive battling. This wasn't probably the biggest deal, bur Wade could see himself being blindsided by Splash one day. But with how many moves were possible, with the potential of making your own moves, remembering

every single move seemed nigh impossible to Wade. So for now, worry about the moves his pokemon knows, and use them well.

"Don't purely rely on offense!" Wade instructs before asking Girafarig to use Psybeam. The result is instant, a powerful beam of pure psychic energy zips forward and slams into Tepig. It only takes one hit that the fire pig is knocked out. "You can have Arceus on your side, but if somebody knows how to buff up their pokemon, they can still steamroll you and your Arceus ten ways from Sunday. It's quite amazing how moves like Nasty Plot work… but seriously Bianca, work on using moves that buff and debuff people. Hell, status moves are pretty handy too."

Bianca nods. "So I'd say… since Tepig will become an Emboar, a slow tank, you should work with moves that buff his defenses and offenses. Perhaps counter with a Focus Sash would be helpful? Maybe even a Choice band?" Wade shrugged and shook hands with Bianca. "That was good though, if Girafarig didn't already have some training in him, then I'm pretty sure you might've won." Bianca says as she held up her fallen pokemon's pokeball, who was peacefully resting within, and took in what Wade just said.

"What do you mean by that? Did Girafarig have a trainer before he was put on sale?" Bianca asks.

"Yup. He told me himself, plus I don't think he can naturally learn Nasty Plot… somebody used a T.M on him and still chose to give him up…" Wade patted his Giraffe on the neck. "I ain't gonna though, his potential moveset is surprisingly diverse, and the moves that he does know are pretty damn useful. Toxic is incredible for defensive pokemon, and he's got Protect. Those two moves alone would make this guy a force to be reckoned with."

"Do not praise me of any sort. Any well trained, offensive pokemon can strike me down in one hit," Girafarig butts in.

"Ah, but we aren't going to be focused on battling too much are we? We just gotta be competent enough," Wade argues.

"I suppose… plus it is kind of nice to help train new pokemon. Plus once that little pig evolves, he'll be good for teaching me how to do

with such heavy hitters like him," Girafarig smiled. "Though I don't require all your praise, I can genuinely tell you are impressed with me… have you thought about wanting to hand me off to White? Or have you changed your mind?"

"I'll be keeping ya for now. I always wanted a pet giraffe as a kid. Now I can have that giraffe, even if I'm actually taller than it… plus," Wade booped Girafarig on the nose, who then promptly sneezed. "That's always fun to do, you've got a boopable nose," Wade chuckled as Girafarig scoffed in response.

"I will get my revenge y'know," Girafarig says.

"Once I rub your belly you'll forget about vengeance," the two of them chuckle as Bianca just stands and stares at them. Wade looked up from Bianca and his eyes lit up in realization. "Oh right!" Wade got up and dashed over to where Houndour was, with his backpack. Feebas was out sun basking, while Houndour remained in the shade, keeping watch over his trainer's property. After a quick pat on Houndour's head, Wade dug into his backpack, whipped out a super potion, and ran back to where Bianca was.

"Make sure you use some of that on Tepig during our training. I dunno how okay it is to use these in Gym Battles and whatever, but I want you to use that on him. It'll help him be up longer, and that means he can train for way longer. And it's just good to use that when battling wild pokemon anyway; those little buggers can do a number on your pokemon." Wade then wandered back over to where Houndour was and beckoned Bianca over. The spot was perfect as it gave a perfect view of the whole field that their group was using to train. White and Cheren were fully engrossed in their training battle, and despite the type disadvantage, White and Oshawott were giving Cheren and Snivy a run for their money.

"Cheren and White are naturals…" Bianca sighed as she looked down at Tepig's pokeball, which was resting in her lap.

"Whaddya mean?" Wade asked.

"I mean look! Cheren and Wite fully know what they're doing while battling, and I could barely tell Tepig to use Tackle on Girafarig, let

alone knew what I was doing during our training battle," Bianca sighed. "I mean, even you, somebody that apparently lacks any battle experience, seems to know far more about battling than I do… I don't know if I'm going to even get past the first gym. I just wanted to get away from my overprotective dad for once."

Wade nodded as he absentmindedly ran a brush through Girafarig's roughed up fur. He heard every single word and was trying to process it. Unfortunately, Bianca still seemed to have more to say as he was absorbing the first big chunk of Bianca's emotions. "I feel like Cheren or White are just going to be in the spotlight, actually being able to help people, and overall being more useful than I ever could. I mean, what good can I do when I can barely even train my pokemon? Tepig deserves to be raised correctly, but what good is it to him if I couldn't even buy the right seasoning for his food?" Now Bianca was starting to cry until Wade placed a hand on her shoulder.

"There's things you can do that don't involve battling. A lot of things you can do to be useful, things that might not put you in the spotlight, but you aren't useless. I get the feeling, you feel like everybody's above you on the ladder, and you can't climb any higher right?" Bianca nodded. "And I've got a feeling that your dad isn't even particularly happy about you going on this journey to find yourself, given his overprotectiveness," this earned another nod. "Bianca, this whole Gym Battle bullshit, all of this is just a load of shit. It's just to keep you distracted while you discover what you wanna do with your life. You've got it lucky, you get to be so free with what you wanna be, and you get to find it on this journey. This sounds corny and all, but the path you walk is one you make on your own. It doesn't matter if you're an excellent battler, just find what you love to do, and learn how to nurture that desire into a job, hobby, anything really."

Bianca nodded. "What do you mean by… you know the feeling?" She asked.

"Oh the feeling of being useless? I uh… I don't know about telling ya about this, but…" Wade took a moment to pause. He's known this girl for about two weeks, hanging out with her once before this, and now he was contemplating on telling her. Sure, he could probably

trust her, but he was well aware of Bianca and her friends' slight distrust in him. Well, White and Bianca didn't seem to mind, but Wade could hear the children whispering behind his back. Wade's mind thought it could be something slightly malicious, but figured it probably had to do with some shit they found on a forum. Well, if there was distrust, then he might as well give trust to earn it.

"Say, can you keep a promise? Like keep it shut, don't even tell your friends. Don't even tell Juniper about this…" Wade had to make it seem like his little(huge) secret wasn't even known by his girlfriend. Of course Aurea knew, given it was one of the first things he told her in their private meeting, which turned out to be a goldmine for the professor. Not only could Juniper then study what was essentially an alien, but then it turned out that she loved Wade(which made Wade extremely happy). So right now, he wanted to make it seem like this was a secret that could not be told to a single soul.

"I can keep a secret… do your pokemon know?" Bianca asked.

"They swore to not listen in on this sort of thing," Wade lied. Girafarig and Houndour raised an eyebrow, acting suspicious, while Feebas didn't seem to care too much for acting. "Okay… My Pokemon knows. I can't really lie to them, plus it's just so easy to talk to them… they promised to not spill the cat out of the bag even if they really can't speak," Wade then adopted his serious face, which made Bianca shiver a bit. "Swear on your life that you won't tell anyone… because this is the sort of shit that could get me locked up, experimented on, or seen as a lunatic. Girafarig can probably even let you know if I'm lying or not," the giraffe nodded and his eyes began to glow; the lie detector was on.

"I'm not from here… well, I'm not from this planet, solar system, or galaxy. I'm not even from this universe. Heck, Houndour isn't either as far as I'm aware. Where I come from, pokemon, you, everything is nothing more than a bunch of code put together for video games. Stuff to be used to make some old guy more money. I, by some strange means, managed to end up here in Unova, and Houndour suddenly began to exist. I'm glad that I'm alive, but I have zero connections, can't speak to my mother, dad's out of the picture, and the one thing I still have died a week ago. I'm as good as dead where I came from… like I was any good in that universe? I couldn't

hold a job, and it's expected that you can find a place to live on your own by 20 years old or something… I had to live with my mom until I ended up here."

Wade dragged Houndour onto his lap. "But now I got a shiny Houndour that I love, a girlfriend that genuinely cares about me, and I'm being treated like I'm a person! It feels a bit weird still, but sometimes I still feel useless. Like how the hell am I gonna protect three kids, who I know will become talented battlers, while I can barely even remember what the fuck Leer does? What will happen if my secret gets out? I'm already taking a huge leap of faith that you won't immediately tell somebody about me… I don't even know how to raise my pokemon and I'm just winging it with some minor research I got after a Google search." Wade's eyes widened a bit.

"Of course Google found a way to travel across dimensions."

Bianca just sat wide eyed. Not once had Girafarig's lie detector went off during Wade's entire spill. This man was telling the truth, and apparently trusted her enough to dump all of this on her. Wade also didn't really wait for her to respond, as he seemingly forgot what he had just told her, and was now watching the battle between White and Cheren. It appeared as though the battle was coming to an end with White and Oshawott seemingly on top, only for Snivy to use Leaf Storm at the last second and knock the otter out.

Now this was a secret she had to keep from her friends for the sake of another… friend. Was Wade a friend? Sure, he was friendly, but how could she know that he wasn't making a front? How was she sure that Wade wasn't planning on making a rift through time, space, and reality itself to bring his potentially more technologically advanced universe in to conquer hers? She watched as Houndour got up from Wade's lap, walked around the young man, and laid back down. The canine's head came to a rest on the side of Wade's leg, and the man looked down with what Bianca could assume was a little smile. Wade looked innocent enough, and it didn't seem like he was truly malicious.

Perhaps she should ask Professor Juniper, that woman was smart, and would probably have an answer. Bianca, as observant as she was, wasn't sure as to how she could handle a situation like Wade's.

She'd be going back on Wade's trust, but it was only Professor Juniper, so surely she might know something; she was dating Wade after all.

"C'mon guys, let's get your pokemon into the pokemon center, and let's go find some place to eat. I saw a pretty good looking chicken place down the street from the Pokemon Center," Wade got up, Houndour in his arms, Feebas put herself back in her pokeball, and Girafarig chose to walk beside his trainer. "And I suppose we should get some food for our pokemon… I wonder if that chicken place makes food specifically for pokemon," Wade mused as the children quickly began to follow Wade down the street.

Later that day, after dinner, Bianca excused herself from her and White's room, and headed down to the Video Phone room. It was empty, as it was close to 10:00PM, and most, if not everyone was asleep. She quickly went to a boof, one where there was sound proofing, and dialed in the Nuvema Town Lab's number. After two rings, somebody picked up, and it was Professor Juniper. It looked like the woman had just gotten out of the bath, as it seemed Aurea was only dressed in a tank top, and had a towel on her head and her skin seemed like it was shining a bit, like there was still some water clinging to her face.

"Alright Wade, somebody's calling me, I'll be right back," she said before hitting a button. "Ah, Bianca! How have you been?" Professor Juniper asked.

"Well… wait, were you just talking to Wade?" Bianca asked.

"Of Course, Wade wanted to tell me goodnight and wanted to plan out our next date with me. I told him that Striation Gym was also a restaurant, and we decided on eating there. Wade really offered to pay for the meal when he knows I can, and will cover the bill. I wouldn't have even been mad if I had to anyways, given that I'm his boss… I suppose that guy's just being a gentleman. So, is there anything you need?"

"Well, yeah, it's about Wade actually. About him being an alien,"

Bianca said.

Professor Juniper raised an eyebrow. "Oh that! I'm surprised Wade's telling you, White and Cheren already. I've known since the day that he showed up and had that little meeting with me. And before you ask, I don't care if he's not from our world, he's pretty nice once he gets confident, and he has gained some confidence, so I think Houndour is helping with that," the professor giggled and pressed a button. Suddenly, a video of Wade popped up, and it turned out he was in the same room as Bianca, but in another booth. In his lap, Houndour sat, but the canine's eyes were closed; Houndour was probably sleeping. The slight snores on Wade's end supported Bianca's guess.

"So… couldn't hide the fact that I told Aurea, huh?" Wade chuckled. "Don't tell anybody else though, I don't want to know what an insane asylum is like."

"You've told White and Cheren, right Wade?" Juniper asked.

"I was gonna tell White… Cheren doesn't seem to like me in the slightest. Probably because I'm suspicious as fuck in his eyes, but whatever."

"So, should I go into more detail than what I got to after our training?" Professor Juniper nodded. "Well, strap down Bianca, we're gonna be here for an hour."

Route 2 Ghost Stories

"Go pokeball!" Cheren shouted as he tossed a pokeball at a Purloin he had found, one of the few pokemon to catch the young man's interests. He and Snivy had nearly beaten the feline, but couldn't fully knock it out. For one of many reasons that Wade had read up on. For starters, catching a knocked out pokemon was borderline illegal; since it was basically kidnapping. If the pokemon is conscious when you catch it, it can make the choice to stay with you and let you be its trainer. If it were knocked out, you would not be giving it a choice. As such, most pokeballs can detect whether or not a pokemon was out cold or not. Another reason would be that you'd then have to bring the unconscious pokemon to a pokemon center, and by law, promptly release it afterwards. As to why you'd have to release a knocked out pokemon after bringing it to a hospital was beyond Wade, so he didn't look too deep into it.

The pokeball collided with Purloin, bouncing off the cat's head, before engulfing her in a red light. The ball then fell to the ground and began to shake. Wade could recall himself as a child, playing pokemon, hitting A or B with each shake in hopes it would help with the capture. Cheren's determined glare deepened with each shake, like the boy's take on the 'A or B, shake' technique Wade had so perfectly perfected… only to watch a pokemon video about how that method was pretty pointless. He still chuckled as Cheren's gaze could've set the ground on fire with how hard it was. With the third shake, the ball paused as it let out a white pulse, a sign of a successful capture; Purloin was now Cheren's pokemon.

With joy that could put a smile on Satan himself, Cheren gave out a cheer as he and Snivy approached their new team member's pokeball. After the cat's pokeball was retrieved, Cheren chucked the ball, and out came the cat. It sat down and stared up at her new trainer, reading the boy's face as Cheren stared back into the feline's eyes. The two nodded, Cheren knelt down, and began to pet his new pokemon. "We'll get you to a Pokemon Center once we get to Striaton City," Cheren said. Purloined 'meowed' and nodded before she had been placed back into her pokeball. "So, how was

that for a pokemon capturing demonstration?" Cheren asked.

"It seemed like you were just winging it," Wade pointed out.

"Well… I kinda was, but my parents did tell me about how to catch a pokemon, so I kinda knew what I was doing. Plus Professor Juniper forgot to show us how to catch a pokemon before we left," Cheren then gestured towards White. "And she had wanted a demonstration, and I found a pokemon I wanted for my team. So it's a win-win situation," Cheren said.

Wade shrugged as the group continued walking. They left Accumula Town about a day ago, and it seemed like the journey to Stration City would take much longer to reach than Accumula had. Accumula was a two day trip of speed walking, a day and a half if you could run and had the stamina for it. Striation to Accumula and back was at least a week of speed walking, and Wade's group were going at a leisurely pace. The Gym Challenge hadn't started longer than a month ago, so they had time before the League conference in a year's time from now.

"Well, I'm glad you could find a team member," White said as she chucked a pokeball into a bush. Whatever was in the bush yelped before the pokeball rolled out. A blue arm flailed in the bushes as the pokeball sucked in whatever was inside. A moment later, whatever she had hit was captured. "That worked?" White smiled like an idiot as she quickly retrieved what she had captured, and let it out. The group blinked at what they had seen. Wade immediately recognized it as Wynaut, Wobbuffet's pre-evolved form. Wobbufet wasn't that bad of a pokemon, as it was a literal punching bag that could fight back. It could only really use four moves, but those four moves were very handy. It could counter physical attacks with double the power, as it could with special attacks. It could even take an opponent down if it really wanted to with moves like Destiny Bond.

"Say, you just scored a Wynaut," Wade chuckled as Cheren and Bianca's jaws hit the ground. "How'd you even see that thing anyways? I didn't even know he was there until now," Wade asked.

"He's been following us for a while now, and he's adorable!" Wynaut

then blushed at his new trainer's compliments. "And I'm willing to bet you were following us for a reason, were you hoping for a new friend?" White asked. The Bright pokemon quickly nodded, before reaching up for White with his arms. The girl squealed and picked up her new partner like it was a human infant, and rocked it back and forth. Cheren sighed, noting how lucky White was, but it was good to note that the girl had a sharp eye. Perhaps she could help point things out. What the girl had not noticed was a Genesect watching them from above, with growing curiosity.

While it couldn't have followed the group into a town, there were no hiding spaces, it did wait for the group to begin leaving town by circling the tree line around Accumula Town. It simply watched as the group slowly made their way through yet another route for the last couple of days, and now the group was stopping for camp as the sun went down. Genesect decided to go off and hunt something while the group wasn't moving. It hadn't eaten since last night, as hunting would distract it from its current point of interest… Wade's group.

The group hasn't done much of interest in recent, aside from not flat out capturing Genesect after 'defeating' the modified pokemon, but it was still good to keep tabs on the group.

Wade had returned to his tent for the night, while Cheren, Bianca and White sat around their campfire to tell spooky stories. Each of them were sitting out in their half zipped up sleeping bags telling Farfetch'd tales about various things. From Ghost Types being people, to actual ghosts haunting some random house in the swamp. "And the man had five heads!" Bianca said, wiggling her fingers to try and add a more 'scary' effect to the story. "Each head had no face, no emotions, but the woman could feel each one stare directly into her soul and-" Bianca stopped, noting that her story wasn't really having an effect on her friends.

"I think we're all a bit too old for scary stories around the campfire. We're all ten years old, not five," Cheren pointed out before sighing.

"So that's what you three were doing," everybody jumped when Wade poked his head out of his tent. Houndour poked his head out as well, before retreating back into the tent to catch some more shut

eye. The three of them nodded as Wade crawled out so his lower half remained in the camp. "I probably have a couple of stories I can tell. Mind if I join in?" Wade asked with a hopeful expression on his face. It had been so long since he… Well, Wade never got the chance to tell scary stories at a campfire, sleepover, anything. With him being a friendless loser, it left no opportunity for him to enjoy such an experience… plus he was hoping that he could at least be friendly with these kids, he was stuck with them for the next year.

"Well, you've probably got a story we haven't heard before," Bianca offered. There was a knowing smile on her face, and it made Wade remember that he had told the girl of where he had originated. So far, it seemed like she hadn't told White or Cheren, which Wade was grateful and kind of proud of. It showed that the girl was willing to stick to her word, and let Wade tell the other two on his own time. "So, are you gonna tell us those stories?" Bianca inquired.

Wade nodded with a goofy grin coming on his face, he slapped himself before gathering a serious expression. It was going to be hard to tell a scary story if he was grinning like an idiot, afterall. "Alright there's this urban legend from where I'm from, it's kinda big there because of how much evidence there is of these things being out in the wild. Where I'm from, we call these things Bigfoot, other places call them Yeti, Yowie, whatever, but they're all basically the same thing. These are huge, bipedal apes that can range anywhere from 7ft to 12ft tall, are heavily muscular, covered in hair, and walk almost exactly like a human does… they're also very aggressive," Wade smiled as he seemingly caught the children's curious stares.

"Just imagine you or me, I'm like... 5'5ft tall, and I'm taller than the three of you. So just imagine another me stacked up my shoulders, who could clear a huge road in less than five strides without even sprinting. Hundreds, thousands, millions of people claim to have seen them, tons of audio evidence, video evidence. These huge animals could even give a Machoke a run for its money with how tough these bastards are. A college student once got into a fist fight with one of these bastards and got his head sent clean off his shoulders!" Wade grinned. "They can be anywhere, even in these very woods."

It was then that Houndour, who had actually decided to stay awake,

began to howl into the night, making the entire group's spines to shiver. "That's some folklore of where I come from, I've got no clue if there's any actual, real evidence of these things being out there. I personally wouldn't, since there's no proof beyond 'trust me, it was here.' No body, no bones, nothing. So I don't really believe in it personally, but I have heard the ground shake beneath my feet a couple times," Wade chuckled. "And watched a Deerling get its head ripped off by one of those bastards back at home."

"So you're saying you don't believe in those things, but then claim to watch a Deerling get killed by one?" Cheren asked.

"Well, you'll just have to trust me when I say it, eh?" Wade chuckled. "That's basically how most eye witnesses claim they've seen bigfoot. No footage, none that aren't recorded on a potato at least, no blurry photos, nothing. It's still a fun little thing to read into, like with the Native's little legends about these things," Wade said. If he were being personally honest, the legend(or myth) or Bigfoot was semi interesting, even if he never truly believed in such a thing being out in the woods.

"So, do you have any more legends?" Bianca asked.

"Well, let me tell you about Megalodon."

The next day the group had immediately started making progress up route 2. The route was quite similar to route 1, where they were nothing like the games had described or portrayed. Route one was a series of valleys surrounded by huge, impressive cliffs that seemed right out of any tourist guide. Route 2 on the other hand, was a lot like a forest, which Wade was perfectly fine with. It was nice, serene, and quite a few pokemon seemed to be available if White's Wynaut was anything to go off of. Bianca even managed to catch a Lilipup despite Cheren's advice against catching the little canine.

Said Lilipup was constantly out and about, running ahead, running back and was pretty playful. Wade should've figured that a canine-like pokemon with 'pup' in the name would be energetic. Energetic was an understatement. Bianca's Lilipup had so much damn energy

all packed into a body that was significantly stronger than a full grown German Shepherd, and stronger than a grown man for that matter. Luckily none of Lilipup's exerted energy was focused on any of the humans in the group, as the canine chose to run, jump as high as the roof of the forest, and constantly try to get Houndour to play with her.

Each time Lilipup would bow, a sign of play, in front of Houndour, the Dark Pokemon would turn his nose, and move to the other side of his trainer to walk by. "Listen kiddo, I like you and all, and you're pretty sweet, but I don't want to play," Houndour would say(or something along those lines), but Lilipup seemed hellbent on playing with the other canine in the group. Houndour gave a huff in annoyance, for the twelfth time in that minute, Bianca's Lilipup tried to nip him to give chase. Houndour pawed Wade for a bit, and his trainer got the message.

"You wanna hide from the cute little puppy in your pokeball, or in my arms?" Wade chuckled. "The mighty, strong Houndour isn't up to dealing with a little pup?" He teased before plucking Houndour up and off the ground. It wasn't much of a pluck, like the first couple of times he had picked his partner up. As it turned out, Houndour was gaining weight. "I think I'm feeding you too much," Wade's face gave way to a false grimace. "I might have to put you on a diet," Wade laughed when Houndour feigned fear at the prospect.

"Oh god, no please! I'm a growing puppy, double my portions!" Houndour yelped, which was all Wade heard; a yelp. Both trainer and pokemon had a good snicker at that, which caught Cheren's attention.

"I swear, it's like you speak Houndour or something," Cheren said.

"Nah, I just love Houndour, plus being a 'vet assistant' kinda helped with knowing body language. That or the series of Houndour yelps, growls, and whatnot are pretty telling of what he might be saying… though I would pay a lot of money to put a collar on this little man here, one that translates those growls and yelps into human words. I want a better understanding of what Houndour has to say…" Wade smiled at the thought. "Plus it would help if I could hold a proper conversation with my best friend."

"Hey, I thought we were your best friends," White said with a pout.

"Best Human friends, but Houndour is my Best Best Best friend, that's three 'bests' so you know it's a deep friendship," Wade chuckled as Houndour nipped him for that terrible joke.

Striation City

"Welp, we're here!" White ran ahead of the group as they took their first steps into Striation City. It was quite a bit larger than both Nuvema and Accumula Town by a huge margin. The census said at least 30,000 current residents live within the city's borders, but the group was quick to notice a huge difference between Striation and the last towns they were in. Of course, Striation wasn't anything fancy, especially not this far out from the center of the city. Just suburbs, small businesses, and some slight wilderness. There were even a couple wild(but pretty friendly pokemon. Wade almost petted one until Houndour got jealous and scared it off).

There were simply more skyscrapers. Nuvema Town, Wade could gather from his stay, yes, there were skyscrapers towards the center of town, but elsewhere had mostly two or three story buildings which mainly served as housing. On rare occasions, said buildings housed small business, and most of the skyscrapers were for housing the town council. Aside from the immediate area near the Pokemon Lab, most buildings were pretty basic looking, but still looked like a cozy place to live in. Needless to say, even from a distance, Wade felt tiny in comparison to the skyscrapers that were ahead of him.

Wade took a leisurely pace as the children ran ahead through the more suburban parts of Stration. It seemed like each city had multiple Pokemon Centers, as he walked by one labeled as 'Striation Pokemon Center A'. It was probably more convenient for trainers since they wouldn't have to run several miles across town while their pokemon struggled to remain conscious. White, Cheren and Bianca ran right past this Pokemon Center, while Wade quickly bought a map of the city.

"Yo, wait for me guys! We aren't gonna get anywhere if we can't find where we need to be?" Cheren stopped as a sheepish smile adorned his face.

"Well, that does sound like a good idea," Cheren called his friends over and approached Wade, who was now sitting on a bench and

reading the map. "So the gym is in the downtown area of Striation… and it's located right next to Pokemon Center C, and the trainer school. You kids might wanna head to the trainer school first, since there might be a few little tricks you can pick up from there. Heck, there's a full market close by, so we can check out if there's anything useful on sale.

"Plus you can get a little stronger if you learn those little tricks," Wade added for Cheren. It would be helpful, since if Wade recalled correctly, Cheren only really even gave his pokemon items after he went to trainer school in the games. So steering well, Cheren in the right direction, could probably make him an even better trainer than his game counterpart is. "Plus I heard Striation Gym gives free entrées to Gym Challengers who beat it," Wade said while pointing at a little line of trivia on the map.

"So… we go to trainer school so we can kick the Gym Leaders' butts easier, and then we get free food?" Bianca asked.

"Yup."

"Let's go!" Bianca then grabbed the map out of Wade's hand, grabbed Cheren by the ear, and proceeded to drag her friend along. Her eyes were glued on the map. White and Wade blinked a couple times before turning to each other. White shrugged and quickly followed her friends deeper into Striation. Wade scratched his head for a section. "Well, let's go, Houndour. Gotta make sure Bianca doesn't accidentally walk into a street lamp." Wade began to job, while Houndour simply had to trot a little faster to keep up with his trainer, sure Houndour needed to take more steps to keep up with Wade's longer legs, but it still shocked Wade at how Houndour could casually keep up with him without expending any energy.

The roads began to look more freshly paved as the gang made their way towards downtown Striation. Wade, noticing his Pokedex picking up a phone signal, struggled to use it to text 'we're here' to Professor Juniper. Both he and the professor had decided earlier to plan out a date once Wade's group had reached Striation City Square, so now was as good a time as any to get started. There

were plenty of fast food places, Pokemon Center A was located(as the map said) right next to a fancy looking restaurant which had the Pokemon League logo on it. That was probably the Striaton City Gym. Next door to that was the trainer school, which seemed like it was connected to the Pokemon Center.

There was a cheap little motel, which was the group's first stop. Sure, the Pokemon Center was free to pokemon trainers, but Wade could feel the cuts made to make the hotel rooms in the pokemon center free. The beds were still and uncomfortable, there wasn't a kitchen inside the room either, just a microwave and a hot water kennel. On top of that, the rooms were tiny and had one bed(Wade had to sleep on the floor, which was somehow more comfortable than the mattresses that the Pokemon Center used). Needless to say, even a cheap little motel would be better as it seemed, and had a mini kitchen with a stove, microwave, and oven. Wade sat down on the bed, which was pretty comfy, and let Feebas and Girafarig out of their Pokeballs.

The giraffe stretched and yawned, before trotting up to Wade, and laying his head in between his trainer's head. "Happy to be out of your Pokeball, I take it, huh bud?" Wade asked. Girafarig shook his head, took a step back, and leaped up on his trainer's lap. There was a surprising amount of grace in the short jump, and it surprised Wade at just how gentle his pokemon's landing was. Wade chuckled as Houndour let out a short, jealous growl, before laying his head on Feebas. The fish had quickly taken the only pillow on the bed, which Wade was fine with; Houndour or Giraffarig were a good substitute for a fluffy pillow. Especially Houndour. That dog was a living heater and very comfy to lay on.

"I'm just greeting you. It's been almost a day since I last saw you, well, outside of a pokeball at least."

"Say, what's it like being in a Pokeball? I can't imagine it's very comfortable… if it's not, then I'll let you walk beside me like Houndour does. It wouldn't be too big of a deal," Wade said.

"Think of this motel, but the bed is out in the middle of a field with plenty of grass and water to keep me fed for several weeks. It's quite cozy in there, there's even a little fireplace that's operable by

pokemon without hands, so if I ever relax next to a nice, warm fire, I can. Obviously I do wish that I were outside of my pokeball most of the time to stretch my legs, but you let me out enough to do that anyways. Plus the grass in that pokeball is kind of dry, and I do like the pokemon food you give me. You made it yourself, right?" Girafarig asked.

"Yeah, I wouldn't want to make you guys eat that sketchy shit that the pokemon league makes. After all, if you knew how to cook, and knew I was eating junk, you'd make sure I was eating actual food," Wade noticed Girafarig try to scratch at his neck with his hind leg, which was kind of funny in Wade's mind. Hooves were not very good for scratching spots that were very itchy. "Why don't you get your tail to nibble on your neck?" Wade asked as he began to scratch the giraffe's neck. This made Girafarig lean his trainer's palm with a pur.

"With my tail, I'd lose my head. That damn head has no control with its jaw. Either it bites and draws blood, or it doesn't bite at all. On top of that, I can't control what my tail does outside of using Bite. so I couldn't use its teeth to scratch me if I tried. I could beg it to, but it's not sentient enough to understand what I'm saying to it. I could tempt it to bite me, but it's aware that if I die, then it dies too. Combine that with its nonexistent control of its bite force, which could take my head off, it doesn't do anything. Usually I'd have a tree or a fence post to rub against… oh that's the spot!" Girafarig went completely still as soon as Wade began to rub behind his pokemon's ears.

Cheren and Wade decided to share a room to keep costs down(both paid for half of the room's rent, which was only 400UPD). The former was off on the other bed, playing with his newly caught Purloin, which turned out to be an adolescent. In other words, it was very playful, and Cheren couldn't resist his new catch's 'meows' and big, loveable eyes. Snivy had joined in his trainer's little bout with Purloin, and the two of them decided it was time to gang up on their trainer.

Wade's Pokedex 'dinged' and the trainer quickly checked it. 'I'm at Pokemon Center A, in the lounge area. Don't worry about dressing up, I've got an idea for us' it was a text from Professor Juniper.

Wade began to get giddy as Girafarig stared at the Pokedex screen with great interest. On one hoof, there was something on the little device, which was making his trainer giggle. On the other, most pokemon didn't know how to read for obvious reasons.

"Wade, what does it say?" Girafarig asked.

"I don't know how, but Aurea's in town already, and she's planning on something. I know we've got a couple stops, one of which is public speaking at the trainer school about Houndour. For whatever else we're doing tonight, I've got no clue. Knowing Professor Juniper, we will hopefully be doing something pretty laid back; I hate fancy dinner dates."

"So, when can we, your pokemon, expect children?" Girafarig asked. "Because I would love to baby sit some children. They're loud, they are very needy, and adorable. I don't think I'll get the chance to have foals of my own, so I want to help you out with your children when they come around," Girafarig added. "After all, correct me if I'm wrong, but some time in bed with that lovely professor of yours must be fun."

"Girafarig, don't joke about that. Cheren's in the room, and that's a child."

"Joke about what, Wade?" Cheren asked.

"Oh, it's nothing. Girafarig was joking about how we, the dumb human beings we are, can be incredibly stupid sometimes. And he definitely didn't say anything crude that's not fit for you to be hearing just yet," Wade said. All that did was elicit a raised eyebrow from the lab trainer. "I'll tell you what Girafarig said when you're older. Just ignore me and my pokemon, and just play with Purloin some more. She's a pretty cute little thing, eh?"

"Yeah, she's pretty cute, and I can tell just how strong she is. She'll be great for battling!"

'Crisis averted. I won't have to explain what a fun time in bed means!' Wade grinned for a second at his flawless save, before pinching Girafarig. "Seriously bud, don't joke about that sorta stuff.

It's a bit tasteless, and we shouldn't even be thinking of stuff like that. Me and Juniper have only started dating a couple weeks ago. Believe me, if Aurea would be willing to marry me, and start a family, I'd take. The opportunity in a heartbeat. For right now, we're just seeing if we can even get to that point; that's what dating is for, right?"

"You humans are weird. We pokemon just say we love each other, mate, and go about our lives together. Right, guys?" All the pokemon in the room, Cheren's included, let out a series of noises that sounded like agreement. "But I suppose you humans do things your way, since if you mate, you are then legally binded to your mate. Which is another silly thing, but you humans can be quite silly at times."

"Oh, I know. Some laws don't make sense to me, and neither do some practices. Social norms, dating, gender roles, all of that sorta junk just seems dumb. But… I ain't gonna question it. Anyways, I should get ready to meet up with the professor, it's rude to keep a lady waiting," Wade said. Girafarig nodded and hopped out of his trainer's lap.

"Good luck, Wade." Girafarig said. Houndour immediately rocketed off of the bed, and landed beside his trainer. Wade grinned and gave a thumbs up.

Wade and Houndour walked into the Pokemon Center, and Wade could feel the deja vu of walking in here. It felt like he had been inside of this Pokemon Center, but it was likely just a case of the games, where every Pokemon Center looks the same. There were small nuances like the 'Welcome to Striation City's first ever Pokemon Center' banner hanging over the service counter. Or posters that were advertising the snacks and meals the vending machines were serving(they were serving a full meal with a cheesy cheddar burger and fries. It looked really good!), and maybe a slightly fancier television in the lounge area. Wade quickly made his way over to the lounge area, and began scanning faces in it.

Sure enough, Professor Juniper was sitting on the couch, something

that wasn't in the last Pokemon Center Wade had been in, wearing a light blue tank top, and knee length skirt… This was the same outfit she wore when they first hooked up. The professor's hair wasn't loose, however, and was kept in the usual bun that Wade was used to seeing. Off to the side, her lab coat was hanging on the coat rack, and a bottle of soda was sitting on the table in front of her. She was watching some random news channel and doing her best to follow along with the TV on mute.

"Hey Aurea!" Wade waved as he plopped down on the couch next to his girlfriend.

"Wade!" the Professor reached out to hug her date, until Houndour hopped up in between them, and damn near tackled Professor Juniper. "And hello, Houndour. I hope you don't plan on anything mischievous, you little demon!" Aurea giggled as she hugged the little canine, while Wade just crossed his arms and shook his head. "And why are you giving me that face, mister?"

"Nah… you just love that dog more than you love me," Wade said in a joking manner. "To be fair though, Houndour is pretty loveable once he gives you a chance!" Professor Juniper then reached over and gave her boyfriend a peck on the cheek before grinning. "So, what do you want to do tonight? The kids wanna rest up a bit before they head on down to the trainer school and book an appointment at Striation Gym," Wade said. "So we've got a few days we can spend together if you really want your stack of paperwork to grow a couple sizes and consume your desk."

"I suppose I can let the paperwork monster grow a little bit… the things I do for love," both of them chuckled and got up to plan on whatever. "I do have an idea in mind, however. Striation City's Gym also doubles as a restaurant. It's a bit pricey, since gym battles act as entertainment, so we'll be paying for the food and a ticket for watching gym challengers fight one of three gym leaders. I've visited the place a couple times… the place is far from gourmet, but the food's still pretty good. And to top it all, it's pokemon friendly. They even got dishes for pokemon!" Professor Juniper shrugged. "And who knows? You might catch the Fire Gym Leader's attention with that Houndour of yours."

The professor then gave Houndour a quick squeeze. "I can feel how fit Houndour is, and I've watched you train him a couple times. I'd say you're doing a fine job given that you aren't partaking in the gym challenge. On occasion, one of the gym leaders will… challenge customers if they got pokemon, and Houndour is certainly a catch with him being a shiny and a strong little fella!" Houndour raised his head with pride at the praise, and rested his head on the professor's left arm.

"You just want to watch me battle again, don't you?

"I do, it's interesting to watch somebody from… the outside take a shot at battling. Plus it'll help with your mission of being the PR team leader of Houndour and Houndoom. You can show the world, since your battle will be broadcasted, that Houndour are strong battlers, and with the right care, are willing to do anything for their trainers. Even fighting a gym leader who may completely outclass you in skill… but I doubt that's the case. You might give Chili a run for his money if it's a one on one, since I have a feeling that you've left your other pokemon at your hotel room."

Wade shrugged. "For you, I'll give battling a shot again. Even if I'm gonna be stressed the hell out because my battle's gonna be broadcasted to everybody in Unova," he said. He stood up and stretched. "Welp, no point in wasting any more time, we've got three days together at a minimum, so let's have some fun, eh?" Aurea grinned as she took off after her boyfriend, who definitely was going to get lost as soon as he stepped outside of the Pokemon Center. The Professor ran back for a second to retrieve her lab coat and her drink.

0-0-A/N-0-0

sorry about missing last week's update. I got a wee bit busy, and then proceeded to start another story(another iseki. feel free to read that if you want, or don't. i really don't mind).

I also wanted to get at least 10 chapters for that other story out in a timely manner, I personally like to get 10 chapters out ahead of time for any new story, so people have a bit more to read once I start working the story into a proper uploading schedule.

don't worry though, I won't be abandoning this story any time soon. I have been feeling a hinkering for writing iseki's and still in love with this story. I'm gonna copy the man, the myth, the legend fuggman, who seems to have an update cycle for his stories. so maybe one week, i update this piece of junk, then i update my other piece of junk the next week.

I'll fuck off now.

Aggressive Pokemon

The Striation City Trainer School was actually way more straightforward of a building than Wade had realized. It really was just a building where you listen to some guy lecture about pokemon battles, held items, and abilities. Then you battle the teacher or one of the aids and get a little certificate which was more or less a participation award. Still, it seemed odd that he would be standing in a classroom full of children as a 'Houndour aren't bad' speech. Wade sighed as Professor Juniper patted him on the shoulder. He was about to give a presentation.

The students didn't even seem that imposing, with each student conversing with another while they waited for their lessons to begin. The classroom itself looked pretty standard, with desk-chair hybrids that were probably way cheaper than buying separate chairs and desks. There was a chalkboard, a bunch of generic inspirational posters(with some pokemon names tossed in), and the teacher's desk was actually right by the door. And Wade was still kind of nervous about presenting.

"Don't worry Wade, it won't be that bad. You said you wanted this, right?" The professor asked.

"Yeah, I did. I'm just a wee bit… Okay, I'm pretty nervous. I never, ever did presentations in class, since I was always bad at them. I always didn't seem interested, stuttered, or never talked that loudly… I don't know anymore." Wade looked out at the classroom before him. "You already set this presentation up, didn't you?" He asked.

"Yup, don't worry, I'll be presenting with you. I can do a majority of the talking, you and Houndour just need to look pretty. You think you can do that?" Professor Juniper asked. "For me, can you look pretty?"

"Yeah, I can do that for you," Wade said as the two stepped into the classroom.

"Ah, Professor Juniper! I must say, I was a bit surprised to find out that you'd want to make a presentation at our trainer school. Especially one for Houndour, or more specifically, 'aggressive pokemon'. I suppose this has to do quite a bit with research, doesn't iit?" The teacher asked. The teacher was a guy, at least 30 years old, and looked respectable. He was dressed surprisingly casually with just a white t-shirt and some jeans. He also kept trying to check out Aurea. The professor simply nodded and wrapped an arm around her boyfriend.

"My lovely assistant here actually picked up interests in this topic, since he's heard of how most of the world views certain pokemon. He's a bit nervous, so he asked me to stop by to help him out a tiny bit with the presentation. I'll mostly be doing the talking, while Wade here, gives some of his two cents. I'm also going to look into starting up a little foundation of sorts, to… help Wade, my assistant, combat the main issue that he wants to discuss."

The teacher nodded. "Alright class," everybody in the room then stopped conversing, and all glanced back at the teacher. "The Unovan Pokemon Professor, or as many of you know, Professor Juniper has arrived. While she won't be going over anything revolving around pokemon battles, she has something that she believes is important to discuss with you. If you can please give her and her assistant your full attention, that would be appreciated. If you don't want to stick around, class will properly start in an hour."

Much to Wade's surprise, nobody left.

Professor Juniper walked over to the front of the class, Wade in toe, and both took sides of the chalkboard. The professor then touched a button that went mostly unnoticed, and the chalkboard flashed white. A USB thumb drive was then inserted, and a slide show popped up. It was something Wade had put together(with a lot of help with his girlfriend), and took a deep breath. "Hello class, you obviously know who I am thanks to your teacher introducing me. Today me and my assignments will discuss aggressive species of pokemon, and what you can do to combat this issue. Any questions before we get started?"

"Wouldn't a solution be to just drive those aggressive species to

extinction? I mean, what would the world be missing if we killed off a few Poison and Dark type pokemon?" One of the students asked. To Professor Juniper's surprise(a pleasant one at that), Wade spoke first.

"Actually, that would cause more issues than you realize. Each pokemon, excluding man-made ones like the Porygon line, have a place in their respective ecosystems. If you were to kill off Houndoom and Houndour for example, their prey would grow overabundant, the fields said prey inhabit would quickly be run dry of water and plant life. Take out Mareanie, and Corsola would be overampant in Galar. What we'd be doing is playing god with driving species of pokemon to extinction, and would make things worse for us.

"Houndour usually eat pokemon that would love to feast on the crops we grow. How would you feel if we couldn't get apples because a… Stantler decided to eat the apples that we were supposed to import from Kanto and Johto? It'd be like taking out the Purloin line here in Unova. We'd be screwed with the ecosystem, and then we'd be screwing ourselves over. Which is why we are here today… to identify aggressive species and how to deal with them."

Professor Juniper couldn't help but smirk at how Wade's eyes lit up as he spoke. She could tell that her boyfriend, while still clearly nervous(his voice was an octave higher than usual), was passionate about this. She had been told that in his world, certain dog breeds are considered dangerous. The reality was that it was just poor conditioning and training that made said dogs aggressive. And as this slideshow will prove, this situation really isn't different from that at all.

The title slide flipped into the next slide, and the next slide was labeled 'aggressive pokemon'. Juniper looked out at the class. "So class, name some species of pokemon that you'd label as aggressive. Raise your hand and we'll call on you," Professor Juniper instructed. Wade pointed at the first person who raised their hand, a young girl.

"Well, Electike and Manetric are pretty aggressive. They absolutely

hate when their trainers touch them, and generally speaking, aren't pleasant to be around," the girl said. This went on for a few more minutes, and some pokemon were labeled with various reasons. Houndour and Houndoom were on that list along with a few other pokemon worth noting. Ninetales, specifically wild Ninetales, made it onto the list. Absol made it on the list(a surprise to Wade), and even Mightyena made it onto the list. There were quite a few others like Gyrados, Meowth, and other villainous team favorites like Muk and Grimer.

"Alright… that's a really interesting list of pokemon…" Wade nodded for Professor Juniper to flip the slide. "But the reality is, there's no such thing as aggressive pokemon. Wild Ninetales, while protective of their tales, never actively hurt people. Heck, there's many cases of wild Ninetales finding lost children, and taking care of them. Some Ninetales even point said children in the right direction that gets them home. Mightyena can be some of the most loyal pokemon, and so can Gyarados… and I don't need to bring up Houndour and Houndoom," with that, Houdour made his presence known with a bark.

"See Houndour here?" Wade scratched Houndour's snout once the canine hopped up on the table he had set up. The canine took deep pleasure in this, leaning into the hand, and had his tongue lolling out the side. Houndour was in pure bliss. "Houndour might not be happy if you touch him, only me, Professor Juniper and one other person can do so without him getting grouchy, but he's not mean either. Houndour just gives a warning nip each time, and will let you pet him if you try enough.

"And so far, Houndour hasn't attacked any of you. For all of the pokemon everybody has mentioned, there are tens of thousands of people singing said pokemon's praises. For instance, while Ninetales are considered aggressive and pretty hard for novice trainers to control, would you consider them bad pokemon?" There was a collective 'no' from the class. "Exactly. Ninetales are the best example of 'aggressive' because their natural demeanor says otherwise. Absol are also generally disliked for being aggressive when most Absol hate battling. Heck, some refuse to Mega Evolve because of how much they hate battling."

Professor Juniper then took over for Wade. "You see, most of the pokemon that are labeled as 'overly aggressive' tend to be pokemon that, sadly more often than not, are more likely to have been abused by their trainers." A bar graph showed up on screen to back Juniper's claims along with sources for all the information. "And most of the time, trainers just assume you have to be rough with these species, purely because of how 'aggressive' they seem." Professor Juniper then walked over to where Wade and Houndour were, and scooped the Dark Pokemon up like a baby. "Wade treats his Houndour with love, respect, and genuinely cares for Houndour's well being.

"My assistant and myself believe that there are many more cases of 'overly aggressive' species of pokemon being very mistreated. And this is why I have asked for an audience with you all today," Juniper took a deep breath, and Wade began to look a bit confused. "We want to raise awareness about these situations where pokemon are abused, and seem to hate just about everybody they meet, because of that abuse. Now, some pokemon are just naturally aggressive, most species are as smart as we are, and have been proven to have differing personalities. Now, are some species more willing to respond to a situation violently? Yes. but even something as docile as a Deerling can bite back if you push it enough. Houndoom in bit competitive tournaments like the League Conference are often found to be abused, where the most cases for pokemon abuse happens for every species of pokemon. It just happens that the Houndour line doesn't tolerate such poor treatment very well.

"So, I have developed a small branch in my lab, only two or three people strong, who are working to remove and rehabilitate pokemon that are aggressive, jumpy, and are skittish from possibly years of abuse. What I'm asking is that you spread awareness of my lab's newest branch, which is yet to be named, and that you can send reports of pokemon abuse through the lab's website… we cannot fully stop cases of abuse, but I believe this is one big step in the right direction." Wade stepped forward.

"You all are dismissed for now. Don't just spread the word in Unova, text your friends overseas, tell government officials, you can make this issue more important by voicing your opinions on it. Together,

we can eradicate 'overly aggressive' pokemon, by making sure that the abuse that spawns them is stopped. After all, a pokemon is as nice as it's treated… but don't outright steal somebody's pokemon if they're being abused. Team Plasma is going about and doing this, and it's plainly wrong. In some cases, that's just a pokemon and trainer's relationship to playfully snap at each other," Wade gave a half hearted glare to his sleepy Houndour. "For instance, Houndour and I wrestle sometimes, he nips me, and I put him in air jail for nipping me. Doesn't mean I want to hit Houndour across the back of my head as hard as I can, that's just the two of us playing.

"In other words, do research before you assume. One really nice, quiet pokemon could be a result of it just being too scared to voice its fears of its trainer. One really snappy pokemon could just be trying to get you to play with it. Most importantly, don't engage the… more violent pokemon, as they can very easily kill you without even having to think about it. And pokemon are less likely to have second thoughts before they pull the trigger. Keep yourself safe before you take action… if you firmly believe that a pokemon is being abused, you can contact Professor Juniper's lab online or via phone and we'll respond as soon as possible."

With that, Wade and Professor Juniper dismissed the class before Wade let out a deep, long sigh. "Wow, I talked way more than I intended to," Wade said.

"Well, that's good, you're getting a little bit more confident!" Professor Juniper said as she wrapped an arm around her boyfriend's neck. "Next thing I know, and you'll be the one saying where we're going on dates!" The professor was grinning like a mad woman. "But for now… we did agree to head out for dinner in the Striaton City Gym…" Professor Juniper checked her watch before continuing. "It's a little too early for dinner right now, so do you want to just walk around a bit? I think Houndour would like that."

On queue, Houndour lifted his head off of the professor's shoulder, and then proceeded to jump down, and expertly land next to Wade. "And just like that, he is over cuddles!" Wade joked as Houndour began to paw at his leg whilst making whines and yelps. "What bud?" Wade knelt down, and immediately found Houndour trying to jump into his arms. "Oh I see," Wade let a stupid grin grow as he

lifted Houndour up and began to follow Professor Juniper as the two walked around Striation City Square. Now that the moon was rising in the east, the town square was empty. Only a few stragglers were walking by either to home, or to one of the many restaurants in said square.

In the center was a fountain next to a couple battling fields, where there were also a few trainers battling each other. Wade plopped him down on a seat before he began to relax. The night was rather humid, as it was the tail end of summer according to his Pokedex's weather feature, and he was carrying a dog that had a literal fire in its belly. "Say Wade, do you want to battle anybody here?" Professor Juniper asked.

"No… why?"

"Because I'd like to see you battle again, and it's still a little bit before we head in for Striation City Gym's restaurant. It'll give me a good gauge for how you're training your pokemon, and then I can help you from there. While I don't expect you to be keeping pace with those children forever, you aren't battling for sport, it would be helpful for you to know how well you're raising Houndour, right?" The professor asked. "And I must say, as somebody who once took part in the Gym Challenge, you're not bad, and I'm willing to bet that you could even get a couple gym badges if given the time."

Wade rolled his eyes before looking down at Houndour. "Whaddya say bud? Wanna do some late night battling?" He asked. Houndour didn't need to be asked twice, as he shot up from his trainer's lap, and barked a couple times. It was time for some fun! Something exciting! A reason to look tired and pitiful so Houndour can trick his trainer into babying him some more! Houndour bowed and Wade stood up.

"Yo, anybody here wanna battle?"

"I am willing to, I'd like to hear your Houndour speak." Wade turned to see N knelt, who was now trying to per Houndour. Houndour, being the 'very picky with who cuddles with me' type, didn't let N's hand get anywhere near him before he snarled. "I assume you would like just a one on one?" N asked as he stood back up. The

man… was N an adult? Wade never really bothered to think about it.

"Yeah, I'm down this time around. Houndour has been itching for a fight apparently."

"He just wants to use this as an opportunity to look sad and pitiful. He wants you to hold him like a baby after all of this, and he thinks that he'll have a genuine reason for you to do so."

"Wait, you can understand me?" Houndour tilted his head.

"Of course. I was raised by a Darmanitan," N said before taking out a Pokeball. Both trainers walked to opposing ends of the battlefield, Wade spun around with Houndour at his heels. "Bud, what did I say about heeling?" Houndour barked. "You don't have to, I'd prefer if you were sitting beside me, Houndour. I do baby you sometimes, but you're a literal puppy, and I can't help but do so."

"Your Houndour likes being babied for the record," N interjected.

"But we're partners. I ain't your master, you're not my slave. We work together, and this all sounds cheesy, but you're my best friend. Best friends don't heel or follow each other. We, as best friends, stand side by side even if we're fighting Arceus himself." Houndour nodded before sitting by his trainer's foot. The canine wrapped his forelegs around Wade's leg, and it melted the man's heart.

"Alright bud, do your best out there, and I'll do my best at directing you," Houndour nodded before stepping out onto the field.

N placed both of his hands on his hips as a big smile grew on his face. "That Houndour trusts you with his life, Wade. I'll give you that, your pokemon does love you, and I can respect that." N whipped a Pokeball from his pocket and tossed it. "Let's see how far that friendship goes with a friendly little match. No wagers, no nothing, deal?" N asked.

"Fine by me, I don't need money for a reason to kick your ass."

A Lilipup was now staring Houndour down, both canines had their lives curled up as they snarled and circled each other. "You're going down, midget," Houndour taunted.

"I'm going to use Take Down on you for that one, Houndour!"

"Alright Houndour, coat yourself in fire and tackle Lillipup!" Wade ordered. Houndour barked, and his body was engulfed in flames… he then bolted towards Lillipup faster than the naked, human eye could see. Wade's bootleg version of Flame Charge or Flare Blitz seemingly did the trick, since Lilipup was knocked out after the first blow. Houndour and Wade had just curb stomped N.

Wade’s Improv Gym Battle

Wade blinked a couple times and took a moment to process what had just happened. N, future, very short lived 'champion' of Unova and rival in the games… had just been defeated by himself and Houndour. Granted, N didn't have that champion level team that he was supposed to have by then, but it still kinda surprised Wade. Out of all the rivals in Black and White(which he could safely assume was the time frame he was in), N was probably the easiest out of the three, so maybe this wasn't too surprising.

"That was… Houndour truly does enjoy battling by your side," N said. "I may personally despise battling, but it would be safe to assume that Houndour is quite bored of just sitting around and not doing anything. He does love you, which is why he is currently following your current path, but Houndour could use some excitement every now and then," N said. "Give Houndour what he wants." N then turned and walked off into the night.

Houndour, who had walked back over to his trainer, sat directly in front of Wade, and… he was smiling. The young canine-like pokemon was panting a tiny bit, but it wasn't a tired or stressed out pant(Wade had some experience with canine body language). No, this wasn't any of that sort of stuff, Houndour was happy. "So… you actually want to do battle?" Wade asked. Houndour nodded. "Like proper battling in stadiums for stupidly large prize pools?" Wade asked. Again, another nod followed by a bark.

"Well Wade, I did arrange for you to fight Chili, one of Striation City's Gym Leaders. You could have a short one on one with him, and if you like it, then I can sponsor you for the Gym Challenge," Professor Juniper offered. Wade rubbed his chin for a moment and shrugged. "Y'know, it pays well, and you might end up loving it."

"I suppose… it could be fun to actually give that a shot. I'm sure as a kid, I would've killed to go through the Gyms. Just be the very best, like no one ever was." Wade chuckled as he tried not to suddenly start singing the Indigo League Theme song. "Houndour, let's give

this thing a shot… if what N said was accurate, then I'm sorry for boring the living hell out of ya," Wade then plucked his pokemon off the ground.

"I… am going to have a heart attack if I see you get obliterated by a Hyper Beam."

"You know that in Gym Battles, 'Real Moves' are illegal, correct?" Professor Juniper asked.

"And so is using Houndour, right?"

"Well, sort of. It heavily depends on what Houndour does. If he ends up using real moves, and permanently burning some pokemon then it can get you arrested, and get Houndour killed. If he strikes at you, an investigation will begin on you, to see if you've abused any pokemon before," Professor Juniper said. "Well, that's if anybody actually wanted to do their job. Usually in the case of Houndour and Houndoom, they just get killed and tossed in a ditch.

"That one instance, with the female Houndoom you mentioned, was a rare case because it was blatant that the Houndoom in question wasn't well fed or taken care of properly. Luckily, your Houndour is yet to do anything like use real moves, and I doubt he will…" Professor Juniper then patted Wade on the shoulder. "So what was that fire-tackle thing? It clearly wasn't a Flame Charge!"

"Well… I figured that if I don't know how to teach my pokemon new moves, then I could have them bootleg some moves I do know. I think I got Houndour to use what is essentially a Flare Blitz without any recoil, or a Flame Charge without any of the boosts. I figured that if… I was to have Houndour just bulldoze into lighter opponents at full speed, then it'd probably hurt. Then combine that with Fire Energy, and it hurts like a truck.

"And trust me, I know how Houndour hits, Had him tackle me, and it knocked the wind out of me!" Wade glared at Houndour. "You were pulling your punches and you're stronger than I am! Where does a little, cute fella like you even store all that muscle?" He asked before laughing as Houndour proceeded, with his tongue, to save his face from a wash job. The little trio shortly stopped outside of Striaton

City Gym, where the last event for tonight would take place; the second dinner that Professor Juniper and Wade will have had together…

And Wade's impromptu gym battle.

Wade was shocked to see so many… rich looking people inside of the Gym, which he should've expected in all honesty. It was a fancy restaurant where Gym Challengers fought, which provided free entertainment to any diners. Since he had no idea what he should do next, he just let the professor take the lead and followed it. Aurea walked up to the front desk after they had waited in line, told the staff member of her reservations. The staff member in particular was wearing a black dress pants, a black dress vest, which was buttoned up by two bronze buttons, and a white, long sleeve undershirt. His outfit was topped off by a red bowtie. The staff's eyes were red, and his head looked a lot like the tuft of fur on a Pansear.

"Ah Professor Juniper! We saw you place a reservation a week ago! Wade was busy trying to figure out where he had seen this guy form. In truth, he barely recognized the man before him, but he could make a solid guess that this was Chili… if his hazy memory of Black and White's early game said anything. "So this is your date? He looks… a bit underdressed for this restaurant." Professor Juniper raised an eyebrow and 'Chili' began to quickly backtrack. "He doesn't look bad though!" Only then had he noticed the Houndour in Wade's arms. Now both Aura and Wade were seated at a table, while Houndour laid his chin on the table.

"You adorable little shit," Wade whispered to Houndour." The canine snickered before a finger was promptly pointed at him.

"I've… never seen a Houndour before! Well, I've always seen them on television, but never in person!" Chili was grinning like a child when given a new toy. "Oh! As a Fire Type Gym Leader, and Fire Type pokemon connoisseur, I must have a closer look!" Chili then placed a hand on Houndour's head, and the canine promptly swatted the hand away with a paw. Houndour simply didn't care if this was a fire master, a god, or anything. Nobody but Wade and his girlfriend were allowed to touch him! He'd be damned if this restaurant owner and Gym Leader touched him again… no biting or

flames though, that would get his trainer tossed out.

"Oh! I know! How about you and I have a pokemon battle? We have no gym challengers for the night, with Cilan running off with one of our previous challengers a couple days ago, me and Cress have been swamped in the kitchen, while trying to work out gym challengers!" Chili grinned. "And if you've got a Houndour, you must be a strong fire type trainer; it's hard to get a Houndour to let you hold it like that… that's what the documentaries on these little fellas say at least. It's hard to actually get a good look at Houndour here in Unova, y'know? Especially as a Gym Leader, where Houndour and Houndoom are damn near illegal to have as opponents." Wade raised an eyebrow.

"I never got that, I mean, Houndour can use 'not real' fire, right? Shouldn't that mean nobody will get burnt?" Wade asked.

"Well, the League fusses over 'the audience might get burnt'! Even if we have a Psychic Type on standby at every gym location and public event to keep the audience safe. Something about kissing up to the masses. In all honesty, sir, I don't like that rule myself, but I have a proposition for you!" Chili's grin somehow got bigger. "If you beat me and Pansear in a battle, I will give you a Gym Badge, and put in a good word for you if you end up partaking in the Gym Circuit this year! And I'm sure your date is more than willing to sponsor you if you do! So you'll be a Gym Badge up if you win!" Chili offered his hand.

"Well, so much for a relaxing dinner with a lovely lady," Wade chuckled.

"If you win, I'll pay for your dinner!" Chili said. Wade then donned a serious face.

"You're on!" The way to a man's stomach, free food, and Wade was just as weak to the enticing offer of possibly a free sandwich. The dining tables were all littered around the room, but in the center was a battlefield, surrounded by bullet proof glass, and had a Duosion on the inside of the glass box. It was currently dozing off, but immediately shot awake when it felt Wade and Chili enter into the battle box. Professor Juniper had Gothitelle appear in an instance,

who had a custom-made Houndour hat and foam hand with 'Go Wade!' on it. Both items were handed over to the professor

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Where the fuck did Chili get that microphone from? "I would first like to apologize for a lack of gym battles for tonight! Fortunately, I have one event for all of you!" Chili snapped a finger, and a Reflect and Barrier began to line the walls of glass. From the inside, it looked like a little aurora, while from the outside, it was crystal clear with little to none of the light show reaching the eyes of any spectators. Cress, who was walking a plate of food out to a couple, stopped, and even the kitchen staff walked out to see the spectacle. "Before me I have a man, who owns a Houndour, whom I have challenged to a battle! I personally believe that this will be a show exploding with fiery passion, and will be a nice, spicy event. No matter how this ends, I would like to thank you all for showing up for tonight despite the announcement of holding off on Gym Battles for tonight.

"Without further ado, let's commence with the main course! Tonight, one on one. My personal Pansear vs. Wade's Houndour, a pokemon known for sending shivers down the spine of Arceus himself!" With that, the Gym Leader grabbed a Pokeball and tossed into the air with vigor, and out came the Pansear… a little monkey that came up to around Wade's Knees, so it had a height advantage on Houndour. It had a similar tuft of fur to its trainer's hair, and its tail ended at a point, which looked like a tiny bit of fire. Its huge ears wiggled as it began to focus on Wade.

"Well Houndour, let's go get our asses handed to us…" Houndour nipped his trainer, who was wearing socks and sandals, like any good man on a date, and trotted onto the battlefield. Without hesitation, Cress, who also had a microphone, began to count down before Wade could get a steel on his nerves. 'Okay, calm down, you dumb, stupid fuck. If you focus on panicking, Houndour will end up in a hospital bed.' The man dropped, kicked his nerves in the balls, and waited for his opponent to make a move first once the battle had begun.

"Use Ember!" Chili thrusted his arm forward with his command, and Pansear quickly shot out a small ball of fire. 'No Work Out?' Wade thought.

"Move out the-" Wade stopped when Houndour simply opened his mouth and swallowed the fire. The canine shivered a bit, but then it seemed like nothing had happened. Chili and Pansear looked taken aback, and Houndour let out a haunting crackle. "Oh right, forgot about Flash Fire," Wade chuckled. Man, he needs to remember what the heck his pokemon are capable of. "Anywho, Houndour, don't rush in. We have basically no experience with fighting somebody who knows what they're doing; we will get our ass kicked if we rush in like a couple of dumbasses." Houndour turned back and nodded.

Chili gritted his teeth. "Alright, use Work Up and use Fury Swipes! We have to get in close and personal!" With that, Pansear flexed his arms, and the muscles began to bulge a little bit. Wade had done some research on some moves he knew he needed a quick double check on. Pansear could now hit harder specially and physically, which could be a bit problematic. Also, why did Pansear use Ember? Wasn't this thing supposed to know how to use Incinerate? The monkey then began to make a mad sprint for Houndour, hands glowing in white, at the speed of a semi truck.

"Hold." Wade said. Houndour sat down.

"Hold." Pansear was barreling in.

"Grab him," Wade said as soon as Pansear got close. He said it quietly enough for only Houndour to hear him. The monkey yelped when he felt Houndour's fangs begin to dig into his arm, which was now in the vice grip that was a set of canine jaws. It jerked and pulled, but Houndour wouldn't let go under any circumstance. "Let's see if we can bullshit this one. Body Slam?" Houndour then slammed Pansear into the ground, knocking the wind out of it, and promptly brought his full body weight onto the monkey. Chili screamed, telling Pansear to try and get away, but it wasn't of any use; he was trapped under Houndour.

Wade shrugged. "Okay, now this is just a little mean. Chuck him in the air and use a Flamethrower!" Houndour did as instructed, but Pansear gave the laws of gravity a giant 'fuck you' and whipped out of the way. "Headbutt him, wait till he gets close to the ground." Wade knew he was good at pushing the offensive, Pansear was

probably slowed down a bit by his improvised version of Body Slam, so he figured he might as well take advantage of this. Pansear landed with a thud, landing on his feet and fell to a knee, before trying to pick himself up as Houndour finally slammed into the Pansear, and doing something Wade hadn't told him to:

Houndour caught Pansear, who had been sent tumbling by the sheer force of his headbutt, and gave it another body slam. Wade noted just how happy Houndour looked while giving an onslaught onto Pansear, which was almost as big when Wade gave the pup a bowl full of ghost peppers. The monkey skidded to a stop shortly before Chili once Houndour was done… battered and beaten to a pulp… Pansear was down. Chili sighed as he put Pansear back in a Pokeball, and he smiled.

"I can tell that your Houndour is well trained, Wade. I probably shouldn't have just rushed in like that, but that had always been a weakness of mine… as promised however," Chili walked over to Wade, who hadn't noticed. The man was currently checking on every little bit of Houndour, before the canine promptly flopped on his side for a belly rub. Chili chuckled, perhaps he should just hand the gym badge when he serves his challenger and his date with the promised free meal.

Wade on the other hand, his heart was pumping. It was kinda thrilling to see just how Houndour, somewhat gracefully(and brutishly) beat the ever living shit out of Pansear. Just being in some control over the battlefield made him grin like an idiot… What was he thinking when he decided to not partake in the Gym Challenge? Well, at least he had a new thing to do while he figured out what the hell was going to happen. He hauled Houndour up into his arms and looked up at Chili. "Sorry about kicking your monkey's ass, I didn't even know Houndour could be such a vicious fighter!" Wade said with a nervous chuckle.

"Don't worry about it, Pansear has come out of some battles, much more bloodied, when he fought some kid with a Lillipup a few weeks ago. Now c'mon bud, I believe I owe you and your date a dinner…

"Plus I kinda owe my ex a dinner too, Aurea Juniper did always like my cooking!"

i honest have no excuse for why this chapter came out so late. i'm just kinda lazy. I will try to get another chapter out before the end of the year... some sorta intermission chapter or something. or we look at the Failure gag I mentioned in an A/N finally.